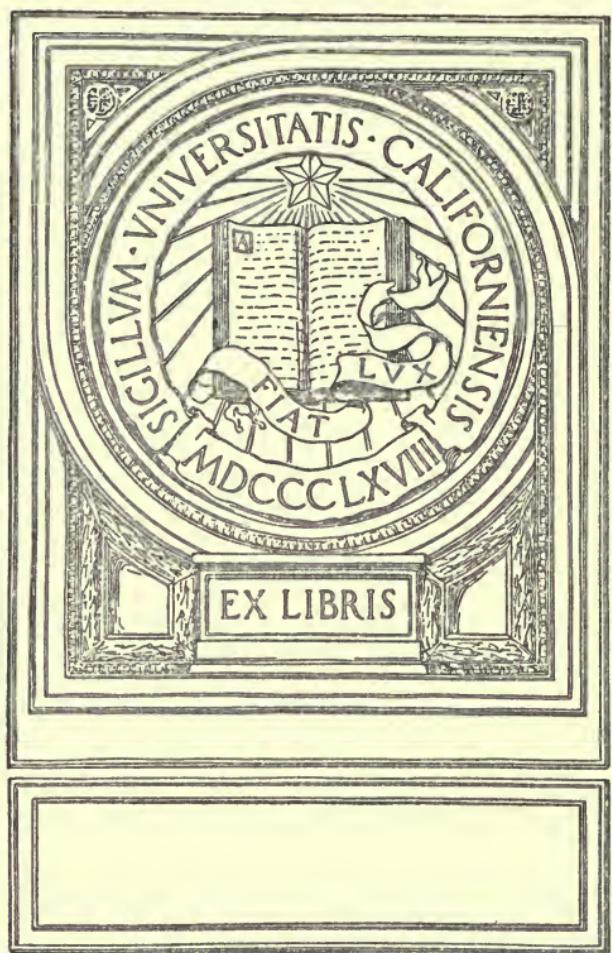




W. B. Channy
Given to me by Anna Smith
April 29. 1905



Professor Hamilton Murch
with the regard of the writer.

September
1897.

The weary sea-bird goes to sleep
On tossing waves,
Untroubled by the storm, the deep,
In trust that saves.

It is the hollow of Thy Hand
That shapes its nest,
So though I may not understand
Make me to rest.

Page 1605

Harriet Mc Ewan Kinnaird



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POEMS

BY

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

ll

Complete Edition

NEW YORK

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH AND CO.

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1889

TO WINE
AMERICAN

953
KIMBALL
P.

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Prelude.

TO

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*But for thy gracious words, revered of men,
Scarce had I ventured on from year to year
To seek the great world's much-engrossèd ear
With the small rhythmic whispers of my pen.
And now to silence oft withdrawing when
Thy songs so full and sweet, so strong and clear,
And those of others, nobly sung, I hear,
I ask, Why do I aught but listen? Then
Myself makes answer, Who hath given thee
This voice within that thou art fain to still?
Though few and scarcely heard thy notes may be,
Seek not, nor yet withhold. Trust makes amends
For Trust that waits unquestioning God's will,
Hearing His words above the words of friends.*

PART I.

To my Mother,

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

P O E M S.

AS THOU WILT.

IT is so sweet to live
My little life to-day,
That I would never leave it, if
I might forever stay!—
I sometimes say.

I am so weary, Lord,
I would lie down for aye,
Could I but hear Thee speak the word:
“Thy sins are washed away!”—
I sometimes say.

The better mood that lies
These moods between midway,
Comes softly, and I lift my eyes:
“Lord, as Thou wilt!” I pray,
And would alway.

THE GUEST.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REV. iii. 20.

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark I heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock.
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
“I am come to sup with thee.”

All my room was dark and damp;
“Sorrow,” said I, “trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place.”
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock:
“Enter, I have turned the key,—
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me.”

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name ;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.

When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,

Lo, my MASTER

Was the Guest that supped with me !

THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER.

I PONDERED how to shape my prayer ;
I chose the words with pious care,
Lest with my lips I should betray
The wish my heart would hide away.

The thing I craved I dared not ask ;
Yet, like a face behind a mask,
That wish looked up through every word, —
And it was answered, though unheard !

PRAYING IN SPIRIT.

But thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret. — MATT. vi. 6.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
I Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless cloistered room
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,
When folly wins my ear no more,
The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step approaching breaks
The blissful silence of the place ;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way ;
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the secret words I say.

One hearkening even cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er ;
For He alone who hears my prayer
Has heard the shutting of the door.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head ;
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

“THE BLESSED COMPANY OF ALL FAITHFUL PEOPLE.”

BETWEEN the gray dawn and the golden day
Methought low murmurs troubled all the land,—

Disquietude and strife where should be peace,
In the white tents of that sweet Prince of Peace
Whose hosts encamp amidst “a naughty world.”
As swelled the murmurs, under all I heard
The sighing of the leaders, men of prayer,
Steadfast in faith, though sometimes faint of voice,
Worn with the heat and burden of the day,
And the half-hearted zeal of many a rank ;
And harsh above their sighings louder rose
The sounds of party and opposing speech,
And louder yet the petty-tongued complaints
Of such as had not learned obedience,
That first, last law for these rebellious hearts,
Given of God and taught of Holy Church.
Anon, and piercing all the clamor through,
The Lord’s own heralds blew their bugle-notes ;
For He would set the faithful in array.
Then sudden silence made a little space
For the One Voice that fills the universe,
And Christ’s own roll-call swept the white camp
through.

And lo ! the faithful noiseless moved as thought
Responsive, yet unconscious of response,
Their rapt eyes lifted to the shining morn,
As seeing Him who is invisible.

He named them, clan by clan, His chosen ones :
The poor in spirit, and the souls that mourn,
The meek, and those for righteousness athirst,
The merciful, the pure in heart, the just,
The valiant, the forbearing, named He thus.
For every clan a benediction sweet,
And sweeter promises of victory, thus : —

Blessed are the poor,
Jesus spake ;
Poor in spirit for My sake ;
Who seek the glory of this world no more,
Nor gather riches that shall fly away ;
Of the heavenly kingdom heirs are they.

Blessed,
Blessed they who mourn, He said ;
Precious are the tears they shed,
The ashes on the bowèd head.
All their sins confessèd,
They shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek,
Who seek
The Father's will in quietness and peace,
Caring little for all things beside ;

They shall increase,
And with the fulness of the earth be satisfied.
Blessed they, He said,
After righteousness an-hungerèd ;
Blessed they whose thirst
The pleasures of this world accurst
Have not stilled ;
With My bread
Shall the famishèd be fed ;
With My wine the parchèd lips be filled.

Blessed, blessed they
The merciful, whose ears
Are swift to hear the crying of distress ;
Soft as the rain in summer fall their tears ;
Their place is found beside the fatherless.
Yea,
Blessed they
To whom the outcast and the poor complain
Not in vain ;
Mercies numberless
They hereafter shall obtain.

Blessed are the pure in heart, He said,
Whose feet the paths of holiness do tread,
Whose looks are God-ward, and whose hands are
clean ;
Through glories manifold
Shall they behold
Him whom no eye hath seen.

Blessed they who seek
To turn all strife to peace,
Whose words are as a covert to the weak,
Who make the anger of the strong to cease;
Children of God shall they
Be called for aye.

Blessed they who steadfast stand
Through persecutions dread,
Though on every hand
The wicked bend the bow
To lay them low;
Theirs the kingdom never vanquishèd.

Blessed ye when men revile
And persecute you falsely for My sake;
Ye who, walking without guile,
With Me partake
Shame and scorn awhile.

Yea, rejoice,
Ye who fly not from the arrows of the strong;
Be exceeding glad, for unto you is given
Great reward in heaven;
Even now lift up your voice
In victorious song;
For so persecuted they
The prophets in their day:
Again rejoice.

Then all the winds of heaven: *Amen! Amen!*

SECURITY.

DEEP in the grass the trustful lark
Conceals its lowly nest,
Where cruel eye may seldom mark
Or cruel hand molest.

At least approach of footsteps rude
The little bird upsprings ;
From solitude to solitude
It soars on swiftest wings.

Far up the azure height it soars
Beyond the reach of wrong,
And from its modest breast outpours
Its rapt, entrancing song.

Thus dwells the pious soul secure,
In meditation blest ;
The foot of pride, ambition's lure,
Scarce find the hidden nest.

And when the tempter draweth near,
His faintest footsteps heard,
Swift on the wings of holy fear
She soars as soars the bird.

Free in the vast encircling sky
Of God's protecting grace,
She pours her matchless song on high
Of thankfulness and praise.

MY KNOWLEDGE.

THOUGH men confront the Living God
With wisdom than His word more wise,
And leaving paths apostles trod
Their own devise ;
I would myself forsake and flee,
O Christ, the living Way, to Thee.

I know not what the schools may teach,
Nor yet how far from truth depart ;
One lesson is within my reach, —
The Truth Thou art.
And learning this I learn each day
To cast all other lore away.

I cannot solve mysterious things
That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife ;
But oh, what peace this knowledge brings —
Thou art the Life !
Hid in Thy everlasting deeps,
The silent God His secret keeps.

The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art,
This, this I know ; to this I cleave ;
The sweet new language of my heart,
"Lord, I believe."
I have no doubts to bring to Thee ;
My doubt has fled ; my faith is free.

HOLY MYSTERIES.

HOW can it be — the sweet new birth
 Of water and the Spirit wrought,
Beyond the wisdom of the earth
 To understand or bring to nought !
 We know not how ;
 We only bow
 And say, Amen.

How can it be — the Holy Ghost
 His seven-fold gifts on men bestows
Through laying on of hands that boast
 No power the mystery to disclose !
 We know not how ;
 We only bow
 And say, Amen.

How can it be — the priestly prayer
 Of consecration duly said,
And we the one Oblation share,
 And feed upon the Living Bread !
 We know not how ;
 We only bow
 And say, Amen.

How can it be — the precious Blood
 Once shed for man doth never fail,

But flows a sacramental flood
That contrite sinners shall avail !

We know not how ;
We only bow
And say, Amen.

How can it be — from age to age,
Since the great day of Pentecost,
The Church abides, though heathen rage,
The grace of Orders never lost !

We know not how ;
We only bow
And say, Amen.

How can it be — goes forth the word
Of holy Church, and twain are one :
Type of Her union with Her Lord,
Foreshadowed when the race begun !

We know not how ;
We only bow
And say, Amen.

How can it be that wine and bread
In death's dark hour shall life afford,
Till with His unveiled Presence fed
We are forever with the Lord !

We know not how ;
We only bow
And say, Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

ADVENT: now begins the year,
Opening with holy fear.
Haste, ye faithful, to prepare
For the coming in the air
Of the Lord with angels bright
Thronging from the heavenly height!
He shall come our Judge to be;
Haste, ye faithful; bow the knee;
Watch ye all, and watching pray:
“Jesus, spare us in that Day!”

CHRISTMAS: time of exultation,
Joy, and peace, and adoration,
Telling how of old He came,
Sinless Babe of Saving Name;
How the shepherds, angel-sent,
Swift to Bethlehem's manger went,
There to find the Child foretold
By all Prophet-tongues of old;
Little King, no sceptre bearing,
But the meanest shelter sharing;

Son of God, His glory hiding,
And as Man with man abiding;
Son of Mary, lowly Maiden,
With eternal honor laden;
Little Jesus, coming still
To the hearts He fain would fill;
Finding with the meek a place
To exalt them through His grace;
While the angels, as of yore,
Praises still on praises pour,
And with "Merry Christmas" sweet
Christians all good Christians greet.

CIRCUMCISION: showing forth
Of obedience the worth,
When the little Jesus, brought
To the Rite commanded, taught
All his children to obey,
Following in the Church's way;
To be pure as He is pure,
Seeking pleasures that endure.

EPIPHANY: whose wondrous Star
Led the Magi from afar,
And the Christ revealed to them
In the Babe of Bethlehem.
Precious gold to Him they bring,
Thus acknowledging their King;

Precious frankincense they pour
For the God whom they adore ;
Precious myrrh their love supplies
For their Lord and Sacrifice.
Every gift we can command
Of loyal heart and loyal hand,
Every deed that serves to show
Heavenly love in love below,
Jesus claims as tribute due,
All good Christians, now from you.

When *Epiphany* is spent,
Sundays three, like heralds sent,
Cry aloud the Fast of LENT.
Septuagesima first, and second
Sexagesima is reckoned ;
Quinquagesima, the last ;
Then comes in the solemn Fast,
With *Ash Wednesday's* litanies,
That from hearts repentant rise.
Forty days at Jesus' feet
Hide we now in blest retreat.
At their close through *Holy Week*,
We His way of sorrow seek,
Entering first Jerusalem,
While the throngs His progress hem,
And with shouts of welcome press
Zion's lowly King to bless,
Scattering palms along His way

On that one triumphant Day.
Though they shout, He weeps aloud
O'er the self-deceiving crowd.
Through that Week we see Him bear
Anguish none can know or share ;
On *Good Friday* follow Him
Scourged and bruised in every limb,
And with thorns in insult crowned.
While the foes that Him surround
Gibes and jeers incessant toss
On the Altar of the Cross,
We behold Him meekly die
For the world's iniquity.
Every Friday for His sake
Let us here our station take,
At His feet confession making,
Self and sin abhorred forsaking.

EASTER-EVEN : Hour of rest ;
Faith's sweet vigil calm and blest.
In the tomb His Body lies,
And His Soul in Paradise
Waits the morn when He shall rise.
Here we watch and watching ponder
On the never-lessened wonder,
How from Baptism we emerge
On the new life's trembling verge,
In His death the "old man" dead
And the "new man" raised instead.

Henceforth now be crucified
All our anger, lust, and pride ;
Every evil passion die,
Mortified continually !

EASTER-DAY : The “day of days :”
Radiance immortal plays
Round the sepulchre whose door,
Open now can close no more !
Stricken guard and broken seal
To our longing eyes reveal
What the glorious Angel saith
Who unbarred that gate of death :
“ He is risen ; do not fear ;
Jesus is no longer here ;
But in lowly Galilee
Ye again your Lord shall see.”
Swift, with Alleluias sweet,
Follow we His holy feet,
Singing all the joyful way :
“ Christ the Lord has risen to-day !”

Precious EASTER-TIDE : Again
Jesus walks the ways of men ;
In a body glorified,
Yet the very same that died,
Pierced in hands, and feet, and side ;
And we know in His own time
We shall share that change sublime.

Forty days, most wondrous days !
He in word and act displays
Sign and miracle, the keys
Of His Kingdom's Mysteries.

On the great ASCENSION DAY,
When those *Forty Days* are ended,
With His holy hands extended,
Leading forth His chosen, pressing
To receive His final blessing,
We behold Him pass away ;
In a cloud of glory rise,
Vanishing from mortal eyes.
Once again the Angels fair,
Tidings wonderful declare ;
He shall come again, they say,
As ye saw Him go away.

While our hearts within us burn,
With His chosen now we turn
And obedient with them
Go we to Jerusalem,
There in expectation sweet
To wait the Promised Paraclete, —
The Holy Ghost, whose tongues of fire
Shall illumine and inspire.
Lo ! He comes on WHITSUN-DAY,
The Holy Ghost for whom we pray,
And on rushing, mighty wings,

Gift of seven-fold gifts he brings,
And His coming marks the birth
Of the Holy Church on earth.
Now our Jesus' mission ended,
Be our triune praises blended
To the Father and the Son
And the Holy Ghost in One.
Holy! Holy! Holy! cry
On the Feast of TRINITY;
And till *Advent* comes again
Alleluia be our strain!

JESUS, MY REFUGE.

JESUS, my Refuge, to the secret places
Where Thou dost hide I flee,
To learn Thy blessed Truth, from all the mazes
Of human thought set free.

Without denial and without refraining
I must receive Thy word ;
Not what Thou meanest after man's explaining,
But what Thou sayest, Lord.

Shut from the strife of tongues that yield con-
fusion
Quick grows the inward ear
Thy sweet assurance, stripped of all delusion,
In humble faith to hear.

In mysteries beyond the dim perceiving
Of Reason's clouded eyes,
Thou dost reveal Thyself to souls believing,
Too loving for disguise.

And oh, how loving, dearest Lord, how tender
Beyond all love Thou art
When to Thy feet we cling in full surrender,
With sorrow-broken heart !

Absolving, healing, strengthening, uniting,
Through sacramental grace,
And to communion closer yet inviting,
Thou dost unveil Thy face.

For faith alone low-kneeling in contrition
The load of sin grows light ;
To faith alone Thou dost vouchsafe that vision,
And faith is almost sight.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

THE Lord's own Temple ! in His Holy Name
What reverent steps its very pavements
claim !

Oh, enter softly ! He who here abides
From mortal eyes His form, His glory hides ;
Yet all around in all these fair designs
His Name is written in mysterious lines,
And everywhere the sacred symbols speak
Of Him whom all may find who truly seek.
Here human art attains its loftiest reach,
Eternal truths to shadow forth and teach ;
And beauty here in sweet constraint doth dwell,
Where every color teaches truth as well ;
And even the unlettered here may learn,
Led by Devotion's hand at every turn.

These steadfast stones the "living stones" declare
Whereof is built a temple far more fair,
Whose corner-stone is Christ ; whose piers un-
seen,
The same to-day as they have ever been,
Are Prophets and Apostles, — noble line,
The Church's firm foundations to define !

· Within these walls what peace! (Christ is our Peace !)

What silence reigns where earthly noises cease !
Silence wherethrough we almost hear the sound
Of angels thronging all the sacred ground.

Here at the portal pause and reverent gaze :
A holy order all the place displays.

The triple length, the triple breadth and height
Proclaim one mystery to the wondering sight,
That, scaling pillar, arch, and window fair,
Seeks the vast roof to find the One God there ;
Then from that lofty height in awe descends
To mark how majesty with mercy blends ;
In nave and choir and transept arms stretched wide,
Behold the symbol of the Crucified ;
And in the kneeling throng, in mystery,
His Body one with Him its Head on high,
Sharing His Cross to share at last His Crown, —
The Life He won for us through life laid down.

See, many-hued and glorious the beams
Of heavenly light that on the darkness streams,
Reveals the blazoned pane, and lends a glow
To recess dim and shadowed aisle below ;
An ever-shifting, never-changing flood,
To touch our every sense, our every mood ;
As the sweet Gospel answers every need
· And on our darkness pours the light indeed !

Here stands the Font, placed just within the door,
To say to all who pass the threshold o'er :
Ye who the Church of God would enter, know
One only way our Saviour Christ did show —
By holy baptism ; this the lowly gate
For helpless infancy and man's estate ;
For since God's grace alone can lead them in,
Wisdom and age like babes must entrance win.
Here stands the Font, and here the Heavenly Dove
Its depths to sanctify, on wings of love
Hovers unseen. Beneath this cleansing wave
Doth God regenerate whom He would save ;
Through this fair tide He calleth all to pass
Into His Kingdom ; this the sea of glass
Before His altar-throne that far away
Beyond the nave, the choir, in fair array,
Within the rood-screen lifts its gleaming height,
And floods the space around with sacred light,
As the White Throne and He who sits thereon
Fill Heaven with majesty above the sun.
And like the rainbow round the Throne appear
The changing colors of the Christian year
As all the holy seasons come and go,
And o'er the Altar hues symbolic throw :
Violet when mourns the Church a penitent
Through solemn fasts of Advent and of Lent,
And all the lesser vigils that she keeps
When o'er her sins for Jesus' sake she weeps ;
Through Christmas-, Easter-, and Ascension-tide.

And many a holy-day that falls beside,
Symbol of purity, of joy, of light,
Of victory and peace, *white*, — shining *white* ;
And *red* for Whitsun-tide, the hue of flame, —
Red for the saints who martyrs too became ;
While *green*, that tells of hope that cannot die,
Greets the exultant gaze through Trinity.
Once, only once, through all the changing year
(Save for some burial hour) doth black appear ;
As Jesus bore our sins upon the Tree,
That Day the altar draped in woe we see.
Elsewhere two colors changing not abound
On frescoed walls and pictured saints surround,
The *blue* of heavenly truth, the burning *red*
Of holy ardor, — these the Church have led
Through martyr fires and persecutions dread ;
And all unclouded still the Truth doth shine,
Still glows the ardor, fed by grace divine.
Eastward the nave extending mutely saith :
Lo, there He rose triumphant over death ;
The Light of light, the Sun of Righteousness,
Whom nations long in darkness hid confess.
Thence He with all His angels shall descend
In the Great Day when time itself shall end !
Ever through solemn fast and gladsome feast
The Church expectant worships toward the east,
In prayers and praises mingling joy and dread
Of Him who comes to judge both quick and dead,
Who doth a place beside His Throne prepare

For her, His Bride, to be exalted there,
And keeps with her meanwhile His awful tryst
Beneath the shadow of the Eucharist.
Within the nave the pulpit fair uprears,
Whence the glad message whoso hearkens hears ;
As from the stone forever rolled away
The angel of the Resurrection Day
Proclaimed the tidings of the Risen Lord,
The crowning miracle that should afford
No room for doubt, and for denial none, —
Eternal life, eternal victory won.

The steps from nave to choir that upward lead
Teach us humility, and bid us heed
How we regard the Heaven-appointed priest
Who at the altar serves ; though he be least
'Mong men, he standeth in the Lord's own stead
When in His Name he breaks the holy Bread,
And with the Hidden Manna duly feeds
The hungry flock that follows where he leads.
Yea, in the Name and Person of the Lord
He breaks the Bread and he proclaims the Word ;
'T is from his hand the stream Baptismal flows,
Pardon he speaks and peace, Christ's peace, be-
stows.

Within the choir mark first the lectern stand,
The stalls and prayer-desks ranged on either hand ;
Here lies the Holy Book whose mysteries

Are sealed to many a scholar great and wise,
But to the children of the Kingdom yield
The priceless treasures even on earth revealed.
Fair and more fair behold the place appear
As to the holiest our feet draw near ;
Each least detail how beautiful to trace,
And learn the moulding touch of Heavenly grace.
See, too, how oft the varied cross we find,
That pleads on every hand, *Leave all behind.*
Three steps again ascending seem to say,
Thus must the pilgrim mount the Heavenward
way ;
By faith, hope, charity, — these three ;
The last is first ; the chiefest, charity,
Whose one supremest height He reached alone
As Man who only could for man atone.
As unto Christ both Priest and Sacrifice
The earth's wide ends must turn their countless
eyes,
So on the altar all the temple waits ;
Here vision centres, worship culminates.
To this His shrine the Church adoring brings
Her richest gifts, her choicest offerings ;
Her tribute gold, her myrrh of penitence,
And in her praise the precious frankincense.
And ever on “ the altar trimmed aright ”
She tends with loving care each typic light,
The God, the Man, unceasing to proclaim,
While the mid-cross declares His saving Name.

O House of God ! thy beauty half untold
Is lost to many an eye that might behold,
While many a tongue complains, This might be
sold

And given to the poor ; and men forget
How like complaint by Christ Himself was met,
And fail to mark how they who fairest make
His temple, love His poor for Jesus' sake,
In proof whereof they consecrate with care
Their gifts to them upon His altar fair,
That they with Him and He with them may share.

Jesus, who hadst not where to lay Thy Head
When Thou the pathways of Thy poor didst tread,
Too mean for Thee the temples that we raise,
Though echoing to centuries of praise !

THE VISION IN THE CHALICE.

INSCRIBED TO H. E. H.

THE priest before the Altar
Stood with uplifted eyes,
His heart deep stirred within him,
To offer the sacrifice.

The morning's golden splendor
Through the chancel window streamed
Till like masses of precious jewels
The radiant colors seemed.

But around the central picture
Of the Christ upon the Rood
It shone like a wondrous halo
As the priest upgazing stood.

The prayer of consecration
Began he low and clear,
And at the mystic sentence
Bowed down in holy fear;

Bowed lowly over the Paten,
As he took in his hands the Bread;
And likewise the mystic sentence
Over the Cup he said.

When lo ! in the golden Chalice,
Distinct in the purple wine,
He saw reflected the image
Of the Crucified Form Divine.

Filled with a sudden tremor,
His eyes deep fixed on the sight,
Scarcely the prayer he followed
Or knew if he said it aright.

Trembling with adoration
He lifted the Chalice high,
As upholding the sacred Burden
Between the earth and the sky.

And still when the Chalice he lowered,
Distinct in the purple wine,
From the chancel windows reflected
He saw the Image Divine.

Did he hear in the hush that followed
The words of the Lord anew,
Brought down by the Church through the ages,
The mystical charge, "This do" ?

Did he hear from the Holy of holies,
The secret, eternal shrine,
The Priest who is Priest forever
Renew the assurance divine ? —

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Renew the assurance divine ? —

“Lo ! I am with you alway,
Blessing the Cup that you bless ;
Under the Bread you have broken
My Presence proclaim and confess.

“Lo ! I am with you alway,
Mine own command to fulfil ;
I am the Sacrifice offered,
The Priest and the Victim still.

“Lo ! I am with you alway,
Feeding the flock that you feed,
My Flesh the manna unfailing,
My Blood the drink indeed.”

O blessed, O wondrous commission !
It seemed to the lowly priest
Like a precious new revelation,
As he shared with his flock that Feast.

And ever enshrined in his bosom
He treasures with holy awe
The memory of the vision
That veiled in the Chalice he saw

THE DIVINE PURPOSE.

AS springs that feed our lives unseen
And keep their daily pastures green,
All-gracious Lord, Thy mercies flow ;
Before we ask Thou dost bestow.

And thus with gifts as well as grace
Thou winnest us to seek Thy Face,
And kneeling low Thy care to own,
And make our dearest wishes known.

No voice of prayer to Thee can rise,
But swift as light Thy Love replies ;
Not always what we ask, indeed,
But, O Most Kind ! what most we need.

When we beseech the good that might,
Because of self, some sweet hope blight,
Some holy impulse turn astray,
Thy tender purpose answers, Nay.

For bread may nourish less than stone,
If eaten thankless or alone ;
And many a pure, desired thing
Might prove a snare or hide a sting.

But Thou, O Saviour pitiful,
Who seest us so blind and dull,
Constrainest us with mercies still
To seek alone Thy Holy Will.

Oh, soon or late how sweet to learn
It is that Will for which we yearn,
When yielding to its sway Divine
We have no wish apart from Thine!

“JESUS, THE LADDER OF MY FAITH.”

JESUS, the ladder of my faith
Rests on the jasper walls of Heaven ;
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Faint visions of the mystic Seven.

The glory of the rainbowed Throne
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame,
As once on earth Thy Love divine
Burned through the robes of human shame.

Thou art the same, O gracious Lord,
The same dear Christ that Thou wert then,
And all the praises angels sing
Delight Thee less than prayers of men.

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal ;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That Thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.

Thy pity like the dew distils,
And Thy compassion like the light
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
 The charmèd music of Thy voice
That calls all weary ones to rest,
 And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

“THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.”

SCATTERED through the holy Year
The Church’s holy-days appear,
Sacred to the chief among
That innumerable throng
Of the blessed saints of God
Who the way of sorrows trod.
Sword-like flame and flame-like sword,
Ravelling beast and blood outpoured,
Persecutions manifold,
More than page hath ever told,
For the love of Christ they bore
Who can suffer now no more,
But at rest in Paradise
Drink of endless victories.
Parted from our sight are they,
Yet a cloud of witnesses
Do they watch us on the way
Where our foes unnumbered press.
One with us, their words of cheer
Ever reach us struggling here ;
One with us, their every name
Puts our laggard strife to shame.
While those names she still repeats
Year by year, the Church entreats :

Fight as they, forsaking all ;
Rack nor cross could them appall.
Warfare or within, without,
In their ears was victory's shout ;
Whatso treasure they possessed
Dross became through Christ confessed ;
Poverty was wealth, and pain
Pledge of everlasting gain ;
Bitterness was sweet to taste ;
Torture slow was heavenly haste ;
While their Captain glorious,
Over all victorious,
Fought with them, and in His strength
Made them conquerors at length.

Now, as then, the battle rages ;
Christians still the Foe engages ;
Though he colors change and name,
Is that deadly Foe the same.
Seven-fold the might he wields
O'er the victim soul that yields ;
But with seven-fold armor clad,
Shall the true and valiant smite,
And put the evil powers to flight ;
While the tidings, swift and glad,
Ring through all the realms of light
Where the Church's grand procession
From her holy ranks below
Daily swelled in calm possession

Waits the final overthrow
Of the fierce but doomèd Foe.

Not with open, loud assault
Draws the Adversary near ;
Oft advancing seems to halt,
Now through flattery, now through fear ;
Under cover of the night
Darkness makes he fair as light ;
Now through pomp and now through pride
Lures he many a soul aside ;
Now through ease he whispereth,
Every word a shaft of death ;
Through the flesh unceasingly
Do his secret arrows fly ;
In the heart he refuge takes,
And his strongest stronghold makes.

Watch and pray, the Church entreats,
And those chiefest names repeats
Of the Army of the Lord,
Us examples to afford.

Watch and pray, the Church entreats ;
Stand ye fast and be ye strong ;
Imitate my glorious throng.
They my firm foundations made,
Christ Himself the corner-stone ;
Ye as living stones are laid,
Age by age and one by one,

Pledged the Faith to keep, thereon.
Joined together each and all
As a temple mystical,
Let your holy unity
Mirror each and each the whole,
While the waves that round you roll
Of unbelief and heresy
Vainly my foundations try.

Watch and pray, my children, saith
Holy Church. Be true till death
To the once-delivered Faith ;
With each other one, and one
With the hosts whose toil is done,.
All my faithful souls and true
Who have passed beyond your sight !
Let their ardor quicken you
As ye press toward realms of light,
Where in Paradise they wait,
While the angel-guarded gate
Ceaseless swings, to usher in
Souls redeemed from death and sin.
Ever through that viewless door
One unbroken throng they pour, —
One unbroken, moving column
Through that entrance sweet and solemn,
Night and day, and day and night,
From the shadow to the light ;
From the cross that each lays down

To the "passionless renown,"
Robe of white, and palm, and crown.
Night and day, and day and night,
Countless souls in grand procession,
One in Faith's sublime confession
With the lesser ranks below
Moving still against the Foe ;
One in Hope no change can blight,
Linked in mutual intercession ;
One in Love's eternal might,
Knit together each with all
In His Body mystical ;
One in Christ the Living Head,
Of whose Life ye all partake,
By whose grace ye all are fed
And the one Communion make.
Ye my little ones and lowly,
Hid on earth in mean disguise,
One with all my martyrs holy,
Spotless robed in Paradise.
Ye who in the thick of striving
Fight my battles undismayed,
By the proud world's proud contriving
Of no reputation made,
One with them, the virgin throng,
Singing now the Lamb's New Song.
Ye who suffer all temptation,
Sin's assaults and tribulation,
Overcoming all unseen,

One with my Confessors brave
Who have passed to realms serene,
Where the palms of victory wave.
There the first Apostles grand,
Chiefest-crowned, a glorious band,
There the angels bright that gather
All the saints of God around,
With the ever-blessed Mother
Over all my hosts renowned,
Welcome each and each the other
As the tide of souls rolls in,
And the songs anew begin
That forever shall resound :
Glory, honor, power, blessing,
Wisdom, might, and praise unceasing
To the King of kings addressing,
Toward whose Kingdom still increasing
Earth's remotest ends are pressing.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

AT this Thy banquet, Lord of all,
May less than angel dare to sup ?
The crumbs that from Thy Table fall
Unworthy we to gather up.

Yet, oh, too poor to turn away,
Too glad to own Thy gracious claim,
We stay because Thou bid'st us stay
Despite our garb of want and shame !

Before Thine Altar kneeling low
We bare our sinful hands to Thine ;
O Holy Lord, Thy pity show
And cleanse us with Thy touch Divine.

Fill Thou these empty palms with food,
The Bread Thou givest from above ;
This cup with Thy most precious Blood,
The wine of Thy atoning love.

The hunger and the thirst we plead
No meaner feast could satisfy ;
O Saviour, in our utter need
Thou, Thou must feed us or we die.

THE COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

INSCRIBED TO H. E. H.

O PRIEST beloved ! a favored guest,
Bidden of thee, how oft I kneel
Where some poor sufferer distressed
Looks to thy hand to soothe and heal !

His sacramental coming there
God's messenger of pain precedes,
The shadowed chamber to prepare,
And fit it for the Master's needs.

“ Arise and walk,” thou dost not say,
But thou the Bread of Life dost break
To strengthen souls upon their way,
Their thirst with Wine immortal slake.

The humble table by the bed,
Followed sometimes by dying eyes,
How often have I seen thee spread,
And offer there the sacrifice.

How often from thy reverent hands
Received the Manna veiled from view ;
Then by the sick one seen thee stand
And feed him with that Manna true.

How often when the gracious Cup,
From me has passed, have I beheld
Thee lift the weary sufferer up
To drink the hidden stream that welled !

How often have I seen the face
Beneath thy blessing brighter grow
When the poor soul received the peace
Thou art commissioned to bestow !

And ever springs this thought of mine :
Jesus, how gracious Thou to come
Not only to Thy temple's shrine
But even to the meanest home !

And who am I, that unto me
Occasions fall that others miss ?
But, Lord, my need is known to Thee ;
Thy answer must be hid in this !

O priest beloved ! to Him I owe
For these unwonted hours of grace
Such love as deeds can never show ;
Pray that my love may grow apace !

To follow on thy lowly rounds,
Oh, pray that I may worthier be,
And where Christ's suffering ones are found
Still, for His sake, make room for me.

And quicken Thou my inward ear
That I like her Thy Word may hear
In inward silence that shall drown
All voices other than Thine own.

The soul that seeks no end but this
The end of zeal can never miss,
But even amidst her toil shall be
In holy solitude with Thee.

A HYMN OF ADORATION.

JESUS, Jesus, Jesus,
High and lowly Son ;
Son of blessed Mary
And of God in one ;
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Hail, O Son !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Living Bread Divine,
Feast for holy hunger,
Be that hunger mine ;
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Bread Divine !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Fount forever filled,
In Thy streams of mercy
Shall my thirst be stilled.
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Fount once filled !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Spotless Lamb once slain,
Yet for us unceasing
Offerèd again ;

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Lamb once slain !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Victim, Priest, and Lord ;
Endless satisfaction
Endlessly adored ;
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Saviour, Lord !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Name of names most sweet ;
Tremble with thanksgiving,
Tongue that may repeat —
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Name most sweet.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
God of God art Thou ;
Low in adoration
At Thy Name we bow ;
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
God art Thou !

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Blessed Three in One
Whose unending praises
Never were begun ;
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Three in One !

“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD.”

ONE longing fills my heart that else
With earthly cravings would o'erflow ;
One pure desire within me dwells
Amid desires I would forego ;
One longing deep that day by day
Sweeps every lesser wish away.

It is not that I choose no more
Between the shadow and the sun ;
That vanities no longer lure ;
That sweet and bitter are as one ;
But that this longing day by day
Sweeps every lesser wish away.

If now I triumph, now I fail,
Or now attain an inward peace,
If now temptations sore assail,
All things this longing but increase ;
And oh ! this longing day by day
All gains, all losses doth outweigh.

It is for Thee, for Thee alone,
Who art beyond all language dear;
In life, in death, Thou only One
Who stoopest low, who drawest near;
For Thee I hunger day by day,
And pray the more the more I pray.

Come, Daily Bread of gracious taste;
Sweet Manna endlessly supplied;
Thou hidden Joy that cannot waste;
Our Wayside Strength, however tried;
Come, Blessed Jesus, day by day,
Lest we should faint beside the way!

Come, God and Saviour, to Thine own;
Revealed to Faith's anointed eyes,
Make Thou Thy very Presence known
Though veiled in holy mysteries;
And oh!—the sum of all I pray—
Sweep Thou at last the veil away!

“ANIMA CHRISTI.”

A PARAPHRASE.

SOUL of Christ, unscathed by sin,
Touch me; make me white within!
Sacred Body, mangled, slain,
Save me; suffer not in vain!
Blood of Christ, my “drink indeed,”
Stay me; on thy strength I feed!
Water from that riven side,
Wash me; wash me, cleansing tide!
Holy wounds, my entrance win;
Sweetest place to hide me in!
Broken heart, my fortress be
When the foe oppresseth me!
When at last I yield my breath,
Jesus, bid me rise from death!
With Thy saints, a countless throng,
Let me sing the endless song;
Ever and forevermore
Love and laud Thee and adore!

HIS REST.

FAIR is the world wherein we dwell,
 And day and night
Crown miracle with miracle
 Of new delight;
 Almost it seems
 A world of dreams.

But, oh! the World of worlds that lies
 This world outside,
Whose splendors to these human eyes
 Are yet denied,
 And seer and saint
 Have failed to paint!

“Eye hath not seen,” our tongues repeat,
 In rapt belief,
When earth blooms fairest round our feet,
 And sin and grief
 Withhold their power
 Some little hour.

But when the heart grows sick with pain,
 The burden sore,
And all our labor seems in vain,
 And o'er and o'er
 The sin we fight
 Returns with might;

When loss and sickness touch us close,
 And death draws near
To take not us, perhaps, but those
 Than self more dear;
 When some swift blow
 Doth lay us low;

Or long discouragement or strife
 Doth wear away
The ardor and the joy of life,
 Do what we may;
 And many woes
 Our doubts disclose —

Far more than glories unconceived
 Beyond the grave,
His rest in whom we have believed
 Is what we crave:
 By night and day
 For rest we pray.

O blessed world ! we cry, uncrossed
By grief or sin,
How will these souls now tempted, tossed,
Rejoice to win
Those shores that shine
With peace divine !

Jesus, most tried, most tempted One,
Dear sinless Lord,
What toil was Thine beneath the sun !
By scourge and cord,
And bitter food,
And cruel rood,

That Heavenly Rest for us was bought ;
And, oh ! that we
Might count our light affliction nought
In following Thee,
And here below
Its sweetness know !

That sweetness, dearest Lord, at least
One hour may bring,
When to Thy Presence in the Feast
Divine we cling,
And wondrously
Commune with Thee !

O precious foretaste, Heaven brought near,
 Within our reach,
When, though no glory doth appear
 Surpassing speech,
 The soul oppressed
 Finds here Thy Rest!

ADVENT SONG OF THE FAITHFUL.

WEARY? Nay, not weary yet;
He will come.

Promising, can He forget?
Oh, He will come!

Counting not the days or years,
Wait we till our Lord appears.

Everywhere we know is strife —
He will come! —

Angry clash of life with life;
But He will come, —

He whose kingdom is of peace;
Peace must conquer, hate must cease.

Powers must tremble; swords must fail;
He will come;

Then can hell itself prevail
When He is come?

Darkness reigns, but He is Light —
He who shall all darkness smite.

In His love our lives we hide —

He will come ;

By His promises abide,

For He will come.

Our inheritance is sure ;

Marvel ye that we endure ?

Watch ye all beneath the sun —

He will come ! —

Winning what ye ne'er have won

When He shall come ;

Better things than life hath brought,

Greater things than time hath wrought.

Life and time will fleet away ;

He will come ;

Then your nay must still be nay

When He is come ;

Till that day He intercedes ;

Still as on His cross He pleads.

Watch ! and if the hours seem long

Till He come,

Sing with us Faith's perfect song :

“Lord Jesus, come !”

Sweet, oh, sweet the time if we

Watching, faithful grow as He !

THE ANNUNCIATION.

(MARCH 25TH.)

O MARY, Maid of Nazareth,
Who hearest with suspended breath
The message mighty Gabriel
Brings to thy lowly virgin cell;

In silence and in solitude
Where saint nor seraph dare intrude,
Thou, truest handmaid of the Lord,
Dost hearken and receive the Word.

Then swiftly, but with awe-winged feet,
Thou goest forth from thy retreat
To her whose salutation still
Thrills Hebron's vale from hill to hill.

There first thy wonder turns to song
That all the ages shall prolong
Beyond the untold bounds of time,
In its humility sublime.

With God's supremest favor crowned,
Pursuing still thy daily round
Of simple duties simply done,
Thou dost await the promised Son.

Dear Mother of the Lord's own choice,
He comes in whom thou dost "rejoice,"—
Thy Saviour and thy God, to be
Rocked as thy Babe upon thy knee.

O Mary, Maid of Nazareth,
Not only hath Elizabeth
Proclaimed thee "blessed;" from that day
"All generations" "blessed" say.

Yea, blessed as the instrument
Of the Almighty's vast intent;
And blessed in the purity
Wherewith His grace invested thee;

Blessed in meek obedience
That bowed to His omnipotence;
Blessed in thy surrendered will;
In perfect faith more blessed still;

Blessed in thy humility
That cast all earthly honors by—
The lofty pride of David's line—
To worship at thy Saviour's shrine.

Blessed of all His creatures thou
Whom with such grace He did endow
That all thy earthly life was spent
Like one unbroken sacrament.

Turn we, O Mary, from thy face
To praise Him for that wondrous grace,
And crave humility like thine
Obedient to the Will Divine.

The least in all Thy Kingdom, Lord,—
It is Thy own, Thy very word!—
The least may do Thy will, and be
Like her a follower of Thee.

Too wonderful it seems, indeed;
Thy Mother all Thy saints doth lead;
Can such as we a place attain
In the long splendor of that train?

CHRISTMAS POEMS AND CAROLS.

THE NATIVITY.

BENEATH the dark expectant skies, while
 crowded Bethlehem slept,
Their sleeping flocks in quiet fields the faithful
 shepherds kept,
When round about them, suddenly, there shone a
 glorious light,
And in the midst an Angel stood, majestic and
 bright.

What mortal eye could look undazed ! what mortal
 ear could hear
The voice most sweet, most terrible in sweetness,
 without fear !
While on the wide Judean hills the reverent winds
 were stayed,
Prostrate the humble shepherds fell, for they were
 sore afraid.

“Fear not ; behold, I bring you joy !” the Angel
 spake and smiled ;
“To you this day in David’s town is born the
 promised Child ;

A Saviour, even Christ the Lord, and this shall be
the sign—

Ye in a manger lowly laid shall find the Babe
Divine.”

And with the Angel, lo! a host of shining ones
was seen,

Chanting, “All glory be to God, as it hath ever
been ;

Glory to God, on earth be peace, and unto men
good-will,”

They sang, in splendor vanishing, and all grew
dark and still.

Amazed the shepherds heard, and rose and made
with haste their way

To where, within the stable walls, the world’s
Redeemer lay ;

Nor wider space nor fairer place had earth to
spare for Him

Whose Throne from everlasting burned, rayed
round with seraphim.

While softly raining out of heaven, in silver
cadences

Flowed down those sweet angelic strains pro-
claiming joy and peace ;

Her rapture swelling into tears, the trembling
Mother bent
Above her Child, her Holy One, in awe and won-
derment.

And if a cloud of radiance filled the consecrated
place,
That cloud was darkness in her eyes, long-dwelling
on His face ;
Her trancèd vision scarce withdrawn when the
glad shepherds came,
Beheld the Babe and glorified the One Eternal
Name.

And was the Word, indeed, made flesh ? O Ever-
lasting Lord !
O Prince of Peace ! O Mighty God, forevermore
adored !
Who reckoning unreckoned bliss cast all His
glory by
When from the prison-house of sin He heard the
captive cry !

O Love, that no created love can ever compre-
hend,
Outreaching life's dark uttermost, bounding the
endless end ;

That condescended to the low from Height above
all height,
And bosomed in a blameless Babe brought into
darkness light !

Wherever Christmas bells shall chime and Christ-
mas cheer go round,
Be grateful joy — not heedless mirth — in every
dwelling found ;
While Faith unveils her throbbing breast and
closelier folds within
The Holy Child whose sinlessness hath answered
once for sin.

The humblest home that He may find, the poorest
heart of earth,
Not meaner is than Bethlehem's stall made fair
by Jesus' birth ;
And light more marvellous shall stream into that
house of clay,
Abiding and abounding more unto the perfect
day.

Comfort to answer all desire and soothe the
sharpest pain,
A rest to weariness, and ease to such as do
complain,

Bread to the hungry, and to them that thirst a
living well,
The Saviour with His neediest ones doth most
delight to dwell.

He honoreth not the place of pride, but seeketh
lowly doors,
And love, the sweet return of love, is all that He
implores ;
The love that waiting on His word doth evermore
increase,
And magnify in daily life the angels' song of
peace.

Wherever Christmas greetings flow and Christmas
cheer goes round,
Let charity in gracious deeds and gracious thoughts
abound ;
And Zion, garlanding her gates, put on her glad
array,
And celebrate with psalms of joy Emmanuel's natal
day.

O Christ, Most High ! Incarnate God ! Meek Babe
of Bethlehem !
To whom all angels cry aloud, Thy glory shadowing
them,

Hear, through the praise of heaven, the praise of
Thy redeemèd earth
Whose desert places yet shall sing for joy of
Jesus' birth!

“CHRIST IS BORN OF BLESSED MARY.”

CHRIST is born of Blessed Mary !
Sing the wondrous Life begun !
Man Divine and God Incarnate !
Israel, lo ! thy Holy One !
Now fulfilled the Prophet's vision !
See the Child, the Lord of all,
Stript, indeed, of Heavenly splendor,
Choosing for His couch a stall.
Hail, Messiah, Hail !
All Hail !

Thou, O Israel's God and Saviour,
Verily Thyself dost hide ;
Clad in flesh, disguised in weakness,
All Thou hast by earth supplied.
Very God from everlasting
As a helpless Babe revealed,
Mary's breast Thy transient pillow,
Mary's arms Thy only shield !
Hail, Emmanuel, Hail !
All Hail !

Wonderful the Seer proclaimed Thee,
Mighty God, and Prince of Peace,
King whose everlasting Kingdom
Shall forevermore increase !

Yet no royal sign or title
Could Thy boundless grace declare
Like that Name of endless sweetness
Thou for us alone dost bear.

Jesus, Jesus, Hail !
All Hail !

Jesus ! — Saviour of His People !
Jesus ! — Shepherd of His Flock !
Well of Life, and Hidden Manna ;
Wayside Strength, and Tower of Rock,
Jesus, see Thy Church adoring
Prostrate at Thine infant feet,
Her Redeemer's praise outpouring
In that Name of Names most sweet !
Jesus, Jesus, Hail !
All Hail !

“RING, SWEET BELLS OF CHRISTENDOM.”

RING, sweet bells of Christendom,
Everywhere the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come—
Ring and tell !

Swift to seek and save the lost,
More than merciful He came ;
Glad to pay life's bitter cost
Jesus came.

Prince of Peace, the Heavenly King,
As a mortal babe disguised
He appeared whom angels sing —
Earth-disguised.

Love Divine in human frame,
Of the lowly lowliest He ;
Stript of glory, in His shame
Gloried He.

Empty-handed from His birth,
Gifts exceeding price He brought ;
Treasures hidden not in earth
Jesus brought.

To the blind, unclouded sight ;
To the dumb, the voice of praise ;
And to all in darkness, light —
Joy and praise.

To the poor, the Gospel's wealth ;
To the rich, the spirit poor ;
And to all His saving health —
Rich and poor.

To the heavy-laden, rest ;
To the mourner, words of life ;
And to all — the last and best —
Endless life.

In the perfect path He trod,
Still His footprints mark the way ;
Out to men and up to God
Show the way.

Out to men in love that breaks
Bread of charity with all,
And — thrice blessed then ! — forsakes
Self for all.

Up to God in deeds like prayers,
In obedience to Him,
And in faith — love's altar-stairs
Reared to Him.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom,
Far and near the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come—
Ring and tell !

Join, good Christians, east and west,
In Emmanuel's endless praise,
And with deeds of mercy best
Show His praise !

Still the Christmas angels sing :
“ Glory be to God Most High ! ”
The eternal echoes ring :
“ God Most High ! ”

Lift your songs in unison :
“ Peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”
Mingle song and life in one
Wide “ *Amen !* ”

“GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.”

GLORIA in Excelsis !

Ring the children’s voices ;
Full of happy wonder
Heart with heart rejoices ;
For the Christ-Child comes to-day
With the babes of earth to play ;
Comes, the Son of Mary.

Gloria in Excelsis !

Murmur tearful voices ;
Yea, despite its sorrow
Yet the earth rejoices ;
For the Christ-Child’s holy face
Sweetest shines in saddest place ;
Gracious Son of Mary !

Gloria in Excelsis !

Chime the thankful voices ;
Once a year the poor man
At his hearth rejoices ;
For the Christ-Child comes to throw
Round that hearth a tender glow ;
Lowly Son of Mary !

Gloria in Excelsis !

Chant adoring voices ;
Round the sacred Altar
Heaven with earth rejoices ;
Men and angels carolling
Crown the Christ-Child Lord and King ;
Crown the Son of Mary.

Gloria in Excelsis !

Who but hears the voices !
Swayed by mirth so holy
All that lives rejoices.
Fast indeed the door must be
That will open not to Thee,
Jesus, Son of Mary !

“WHILE ALL AROUND THE HAPPY
EARTH.”

TO H. E. H.

WHILE all around the happy earth
The Christmas bells are pealing clear,
And countless voices carol forth
The tidings of the Christ-Child’s birth,
I know your heart is hushed to hear
The choir of angels drawing near,
As in the olden time descending
To sing the song that knows no ending:
“*Gloria in Excelsis.*”

The merry tumult of the time,
The gifts poured out, the greetings sweet,
The Christmas greens in fragrant prime,
The happy haste, the vocal chime,
As friend with friend together meet,
The countless sounds of hearth and street,
All in your thoughts unconscious blending
Echo the song that knows no ending:
“*Gloria in Excelsis.*”

So touched by all, yet undelayed
By mirth that swayeth to and fro,
Through paths by meditation made
More fair than fairest sylvan shade,
I know to Bethlehem even now
Straightway in holy haste you go,
And o'er the Babe in worship bending
You join the song that knows no ending:
“*Gloria in Excelsis.*”

O priest belovèd ! where you lead
Could your poor flock but follow on,
We, too, should find the Lord indeed ;
No longer would you vainly plead,
But every soul to Him be won ;
In every heart His reign begun ;
And all our lives with your life blending
Chime evermore the song unending :
“*Gloria in Excelsis.*”

“THE SWEETEST HYMN THAT EVER
WAS SUNG.”

THE sweetest hymn that ever was sung
Was the Hymn of the Christ-Child’s birth,
When that night of nights over Bethlehem hung,
And angels came thronging to earth
To herald the Christ-Child’s birth.

The brightest star that ever was seen
Was the Star that led the way
For the wise old kings to the cradle mean
Where the Child EMMANUEL lay,—
The Star that showed them the way.

Still sweetly echoes that sweetest Hymn
Once sung in the ages afar,
And over the wide earth altars gleam
Enkindled by Bethlehem’s Star
That led the sages from far.

And the Christ who came of old to His own
As truly comes to them now,
Where the faithful before His altar-throne
With hearts believing bow,—
EMMANUEL, then and now.

O Son of Mary ! O Love Divine !
Whom the old kings hailed as King,
All praise be Thine, and the fairest shrine,
And the costliest gifts we can bring
To Thee, Eternity's King !

The tribute-gold, as it was of old,
Poured out, dear Lord, at Thy feet,
And the incense of worship that will not grow cold,
And the myrrh of penitence meet,
All cast with ourselves at Thy feet !

MARY MOTHER.

MORE than royal Guest He lay
Where the gentle kine made way
For the Christ-Child meek as they.

Knelt the Magi round His bed,
Bowèd low each proudest head ;
Mary Mother ponderèd.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh
They the wise and great confer ;
Jesus mild looks up to her !

What her gift ? Than nothing less !
Oh that she might crown and bless
Him whom kings shall King confess !

Piercèd as with woes to come
At His feet her soul lies dumb,
Love, of all she hath, the sum !

Blessed among women, thou
Who, exalted most, dost bow
Lowliest among the low !

“ENDED THE VIGIL OF AGES.”

ENDED the vigil of ages,
Ended the Prophets' line;
Forth from the womb of the Virgin
Cometh the Babe Divine.

Out of the highest Heaven
Down to the wondering earth
Choirs of angels descending
Carol the Christ-Child's birth.

One with the Father Eternal
Human the Name that He bears ;
Godhead and Manhood united
Veiled in the Flesh that He wears.

This is the King Immortal
Nation by nation shall seek ;
Never a child so majestic,
Never a prince so meek.

Clad in Humility's vesture,
Peace as His sceptre of might,
Monarchs approaching His presence
Prostrate shall fall at the sight.

Innocence wears He as ermine,
Poverty maketh His crown,
Love is the throne of His glory,
Mercy His matchless renown.

Homeless and laid in a manger,
Seeming earth's pity to crave,
Ruleth He still creation,
Helpless, is mighty to save.

Blessed henceforth are the lowly
Who of His lowliness learn ;
Blessed who showeth His mercy,
Reaping His mercy in turn.

Blessed henceforth who forsaketh
Kindred and lands for His sake,
Counting no burden too grievous
Jesus may call him to take.

Even a cup of cold water
Unto His little ones given
He shall return to the giver
Filled from the fountains of Heaven.

Blessed the least in His Kingdom
More than the Prophets of old
Who in the Babe of the manger
Saviour, Jehovah behold.

Fall at His feet, ye faithful,
Worship the King of Kings !
Angels unnumbered adore Him
Folding around you their wings.

Sweeter and sweeter their carols
Swelling with rapture arise ;
Join in the joyful hosannas
Circling the earth and the skies !

“PEACE AND GOOD WILL, GOOD WILL
AND PEACE.”

“ PEACE and good will, good will and peace !”
Year after year with sweet increase
The heavenly carol swells :
The holy tale of Jesu’s birth
In ever-widening circles earth
With tongues unnumbered tells.

Once more the vision glorified
Appears with blessed Christmas-tide —
The Virgin full of grace ;
And in her arms the Child Divine,
The God-Man born of David’s line,
New head of Adam’s race.

The very nature that we wear,
His Godhead veiled, He stoops to share
In great humility ;
And angel legions round Him close
And Heaven with boundless praise o’erflows
That such a love could be.

But neither round His infant brow
The crown of thorns (pre-woven now)
 Created eyes behold ;
Nor in those infant arms that reach
In mute appeal, in lieu of speech,
 The cross those arms infold.

Yet crown of thorns and holy rood
(The tree of life, the mystic wood),
 His spotless sacrifice,
His anguish and His triumph, all
Are shadowed here in Bethlehem's stall
 Though hidden from our eyes.

Here, too, begins His wondrous reign ;
Confessors, martyrs, lead His train
 Of humble souls and pure ;
Not of this world His Kingdom is ;
All others fade away, but His
 Forever shall endure.

His sword is Truth, His armor Love ;
His Spirit as a tender Dove
 Broods o'er this troubled life ;
He pities, pardons, strengthens, feeds ;
He binds the breaking heart that bleeds ;
 To peace transformeth strife.

Where'er the Marah waters spring
Of want or wrong or suffering
 And men of Him entreat,
His cross all crimsoned with His blood
He casts into the bitter flood
 And makes those waters sweet.

“Peace and good will, good will and peace!”
What wonder that with glad increase
 The heavenly carol swells;
And on the story of His birth
In ever-widening circles earth
 With wondering rapture dwells!

THE BLESSED BABE.

THE Child, the Promised Child, is born !
“ Glad tidings ” to a world forlorn !
Celestial choirs in bright array
Descend to hail His natal day.

Oh, come and see the wondrous thing
Whereof the Christmas angels sing —
The Blessed Babe in Mary’s arms,
With all a babe’s endearing charms.

In unimagined splendors far
Beyond remotest sun or star
His throne uplifts, yet here He lies
In Bethlehem’s stall, in mean disguise.

Angelic hosts that press unseen,
The questioning kine with instinct keen,
The wondering shepherds, all adore
The mystery foretold of yore.

Here is the Virgin undefiled ;
Here Israel’s Holy One, the Child,
Emmanuel, whom centuries
Have watched for with prophetic eyes.

His Name is Wonderful, we read,
The Counsellor in all our need,
The Mighty God, the Father great,
Created things to re-create.

And more, if more were possible,
The Prince of Peace His work shall tell
Who comes to conquer every foe
That human soul can ever know.

Yea, more — the Name that Gabriel gave —
He comes as Jesus, strong to save ;
The matchless depth, the matchless height
Of Love revealed to mortal sight.

O weary one, whate'er thy name,
O penitent, whate'er thy shame,
O ardent soul, O mourner sad,
O youth, O childhood, strong and glad,

Art thou of high or low degree,
He comes, this Blessed Babe, to thee ;
Receive Him, press Him to thy heart,
And in this cold world take His part !

In this cold world that doth but play,
Alas, at keeping Christmas Day !
Receive Him, press Him to thy heart,
And He in turn will take thy part !

In His unearthly kingdom share ;
His laws obey ; His signet wear ;
His Living Presence taste, and see
How gracious Christ the Lord can be !

Henceforth temptation's arrows sore
May wound but poison thee no more ;
Nor griefs o'erwhelm, nor faith grow dim,
Because thy heart enshrineth *Him* !

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

SO poor, so humble, in such solitude,
Amid the lowing of the patient kine,
So barely sheltered in the stable rude
We find Thee, Babe Divine ;
O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

Here born of Virgin Mother, spotless Maid,
Who folds Thee to her rapt, adoring breast,
Thou art content obscurely to be laid
By the proud world unguessed ;
O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

Though hosts seraphic gird Thy Throne on high
No earthly throngs Thy Holy Birth attend ;
No shouts of joy, though praises fill the sky,
Earth's bitter silence rend ;
O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

As with the darkness of Thy natal night
Thou veilest all the glory of Thy Face ;
Thou who art God of God, and Light of Light,
The Fount of joy and grace ;
O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

This want, this loneliness, this manger bed
That hint the story of Thy coming woe
When Thou wilt have nowhere to lay Thy head,
Thou willest even so;
O Jesu! sweetest Jesu!

And while our eyes a gathering shadow see —
The shadow of Thy cross — upon Thee fall,
Thine own are fixed upon our crown to be
And nought can Thee appall;
O Jesu! sweetest Jesu!

Oh that these tongues Thy love could fitly sing!
These hearts with praise (as Thine with anguish)
break!
All that we have in worship would we bring
For Thy dear glory's sake;
O Jesu! sweetest Jesu!

LENT AND EASTER.

HYMNS FOR LENT.

I.

FROM feasts that perish turned aside
A little space,
Oh, be the flesh indeed denied ;
Our souls an-hungered satisfied
With the sweet feast of grace !

Thou who didst fast so long, so sore,
For our poor sake, —
All pangs of earth's vast hunger bore,
Ere Thou Thy precious Blood didst pour,
Thy blessed Body break —

O Holy Jesu ! hear our cry,
And give us strength
For love of Thee to mortify
The love of self till self shall die,
And leave us Thine at length !

II.

IN the lone desert of my own despair,
Robed in the sackcloth of unfriended grief,
With tears no eyes of earthly love can share,
My stricken soul implores of Heaven relief.

The scorching sand beneath my naked feet
And penitential ashes on my head,
I hear a Voice that calls me, heavenly sweet,
And the soft coming of a Stranger's tread.

Low kneeling in abasement I can feel
A hand of pity gently seeking mine,
A breath of tender mercy o'er me steal
From Human lips whose language is Divine.

“Arise!” He saith, and lo! His word doth raise;
“Be whole!” He saith, and lo! His word doth
heal;
Prostrate again I fall, but now in praise:
“Lord, at Thy feet forever let me kneel.”

HYMNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

O H ! see Him where He hangs,
The world's one sacrifice ;
No tongue of earth can tell His pangs,
Who our Redeemer dies.

True God and truest Man,
In one forever knit ;
His anguish thought can never span,
For it is infinite.

In all the universe
The central Figure He,
As weeping centuries rehearse
Time's crowning tragedy.

Again the flood of scorn,
The scourge, the crown, the jeer,
The sacred body nailed and torn,
The taunts, the sponge, the spear.

Again — O depth, O height
Of Love that hath no name ! —
The prayer for those who in His sight
Could no compassion claim.

Again the rended rocks,
The hearts of human stone,
The darkness and the earthquake shocks,
The graves of hope upthrown.

At His dear feet again,
His Cross in her embrace,
The weeping Church, like Magdalen,
Buries her stricken face.

Again the streaming side,
The broken heart, the cry !
Again, O Jesus Crucified,
The endless victory.

II.

O sad, long-suffering Face,
How can I look and live !
O piercèd hands outstretched to save !
O Voice that cries “ Forgive ” !

“ Forgive,” though crowned with thorns,
And mocked with many a jeer;
“ Forgive,” though tortured by the nails
And wounded by the spear.

O crimson tide of love
Outgushing from His side,
Flow down and wash the guilty earth
Where He is still denied !

In penitence my soul
Takes up that cry, " Forgive ; "
Flow down and wash away my sins,
That I may look and live.

EASTER-EVEN VIOLETS.

FOR Easter Day, O Lilies white,
Your shrinèd splendors keep !
But while the sweet, sad, waning light
Of Easter-Even fades,
Amid the sacred shades
Where Sorrow comes to weep, —
Nor weeps in vain
Since Hope is born of very Pain
(And Pain its pangs in joy forgets) —
There breathe your balm, sweet Violets !
Dear twilight-flowers whose lovely hue,
More tender than the tenderest blue
Yet not as purple sad, appears
Most like transformèd tears.

“A little while !” ye seem to sigh ;
“And yet a little while !” ye say ;
“The stone shall noiseless roll away :
Unseen across the midnight sky
Twilight and Daybreak run to meet !
Already angels throng the air,
And twain descending kneel,
Veilèd in awe, at head and feet

Of that new tomb whose broken seal
The wondering Morning shall reveal,
And 'He is risen!' declare.

Sweet odors — sweeter than the sweet
Of violets and lilies blent,
The sweet of holy slumber spent —
Stealing from vesture folded fair
And fragrant with the Lord's own care,
Wherein His Blessed Body lay
Till break of day,
Shall make most sweet the graves of those
Who, entering into Paradise,
Do sleep in Him who died and rose —
In whom they, too, shall rise."

EASTER DAY.

Dawn of dawns, the Easter Day
Far and wide in splendor breaks ;
Darkest shadows flee away
Where it breaks !

Veiled in its vernal light,
Christ, the Light of Light, arose ;
From the grave's unbroken night
He arose.

Though beneath the Cross He fell,
Though upon the Cross He died,
Led He captive Death and Hell
When He died.

Overcome, He overcame ;
Conquered, more than Conqueror lives ;
Crownèd King with Heaven's acclaim
Jesus lives !

Through the gates of sacrifice
He, the Victim, Victor went ;
Lo, His triumph lights the skies
Since He went !

Darker than the night our sin,
Silent as the tomb our life,
Still His glory enters in —
Light and life.

“Rise and follow Me,” He saith ;
“Love as I have lovèd you.
Rise to life that I through death
Won for you.”

Love that counts not sacrifice,
Keeping nothing back from Him, —
To such love must we arise,
Following Him.

As He laid His garments by
With the bondage of the grave,
Clothed in Love’s own Majesty
Left the grave, —

Self, the earth’s most earthy dress,
Must we cast aside like Him,
And putting on His righteousness
Rise with Him.

He hath rolled the stone away
Through Redemption’s might for us, —
Dawn of dawns, the Easter Day
Breaks for us !

EASTER CAROLS.

I.

CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !
Conquered Death and all His foes !
Crucified and dead and buried,
Very Man as Man He rose.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
He for us the Cross endured,
And the bitter shame despising
Life, immortal Life secured.

Very God He stooped to suffer
Keenest sorrows, sharpest pains ;
Very Man enthroned in glory
Now as King of Kings He reigns.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Blessed they who follow on ;
Who by rack or sword or prison
Share the crown that He hath won.

Blessed they the saints and martyrs
Foremost in the Church's van,
Virgin souls of maid and matron,
Babe and youth and hoary man.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Blessed all the faithful throng,
Strong in Him to fight and conquer
Pressing still His way along.

Lift the Cross to-day in triumph,

Lift His wondrous symbol high;
Standard that hath led its legions
On to holy victory !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Once of death and shame the sign,
Now of glory never equalled
See the Cross of Jesus shine !

Backward, forward, o'er the ages,

How its rays unearthly stream !
From eternity its splendors

To eternity shall gleam !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Lift the matchless symbol high
With the Resurrection's glory

Kindling earth and sea and sky !

II.

WITH flowers we crown His altar fair,
For Christ's own morning breaks,
And earth of Easter-tide aware
To song and bloom awakes.

CHORUS.

The day of days is the Easter Day ;
The Church puts on her white array ;
For Christ hath filled the very tomb
With Easter light and Easter bloom !

His love o'er loveliest things of earth
Symbolic beauty throws ;
The Resurrection shadows forth
In every flower that blows.

CHORUS. The day of days, etc.

These flowers their mission sweet fulfil
And in their sweetness die ;
But Easter hopes unfolding still
Climb flower-like up the sky.

CHORUS. The day of days, etc.

O Easter Day that yet shall be,
Whose splendors shall not fail ;
Thy deathless bloom the Church shall see
Beyond the rended veil !

CHORUS.

The day of days is the Easter Day ;
The Church puts on her white array ;
For Christ hath filled the very tomb
With Easter light and Easter bloom !

THE RESURRECTION.

YE who, clad in shining raiment,
Watch within the empty tomb
Where the dear Lord's sacred Body
Lay in death through yester's gloom,
Tell us, guests from realms of glory,
All the Resurrection's story !

How the tide of life returning
Flushed the piercèd hands and feet ;
How the Heart so lately broken
Once again began to beat ;
How the Head by thorns so wounded
Victory's aureole surrounded !

Tell us, glorious one whose garment
Gleameth whiter than the snow,
And whose countenance as lightning
Laid the watch, like dead men, low ;
Mightiest one, from Heaven descended,
Tell us how the tomb was rended !

How the seal secure was broken
Ere the dawning of the day;
How the solid earth was shaken
When the stone was rolled away;
While the world unconscious slumbered
And the hours of death were numbered.

Tell — but oh, no tongue can utter
What transcendeth speech and thought !
Passeth angels' comprehension
How the miracle was wrought.
He was dead ; and lo ! He liveth ;
Yea, and Life Eternal giveth !

Forth He came ! the Human Body
He for man the fallen wore,
And the Human Soul united,
Glorified forevermore ;
That in wondrous re-creation
Man might share His exaltation.

While He fasted in the desert,
Tempted long and sorely tried,
Prayed in anguish in the Garden,
On the Cross in anguish died,
Watching with her Lord and weeping,
Solemn fast the Church was keeping.

Feast of Feasts the Fast succeedeth !
Once again the strain is poured :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glory to the risen Lord !
Song of songs, in endless gladness
Drowning pain and doubt and sadness.

Alleluia ! " He is risen ! "
" Risen indeed ! " the shouts resound.
Holy greeting answers greeting ;
Joy at last on earth is found.
Shore to shore the salutations
Bind as one redeemèd nations.

Alleluia ! Choirs of angels
To the choirs of earth respond ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Rolleth seas and skies beyond.
Heaven and earth at last shall sever,
But the song shall peal forever !

A BATTLE-CRY.

O HOLY Cross whose sign in air
Can put to flight our ghostly foes ;
O holy Name, but breathed in prayer
And hell is powerless to oppose ;
However fierce may be the strife,
Immortal gain our mortal loss ;
By you we win Eternal Life,
O holy Name, O holy Cross !

And what are these our sharpest wounds ?
Thy wounds, O Lord, their balm supply ;
Our woes Thy woe unmeasured drowns,
And Thine shall be our victory !
O priceless faith that dares the strife !
O deathless hope that spurns the loss !
By you we win Eternal Life,
O holy Name, O holy Cross !

THE LADDER.

FAST and vigil, alms and prayer,
These the penitential stair
Leading slowly day by day
Up the toilsome heavenward way.

Following these I thought to be
Always near, dear Lord, to Thee;
Now— alas ! Thou knowest all ;
Fruitless strife and frequent fall !

Trust of self, or selfish aim,
Toil unhallowed by Thy Name,
Envy, pride,— oh, make me know
What has laid Thy servant low !

By this same unchanging stair —
Fast and vigil, alms and prayer —
Following Thee Thy saints have passed
To victorious peace at last.

And this ladder I must scale ;
Nought instead will me avail ;
Every round I know I need,
Though my feet thereon should bleed.

None the less, dear Lord, I know,
Worse than vain each step I go
If Thou art not at my side
To prevent, uphold, and guide.

Take in Thine my trembling hand ;
Give me grace and strength to stand ;
Once again I will assay
At Thy word the heavenward way.

Oh for courage not to faint !
Oh for silence from complaint !
Oh for patience to forbear ;
Love to conquer ; faith to dare !

Stay me, Lord, with holy fear !
Fill me, Lord, with holy cheer !
Humbly leaning on Thy strength
May I gain the end at length.

Nought I *can* do, or have done ;
If I win 't is Thou hast won ;
Putting all my trust in Thee
Now my ladder's worth I see.

“THOU ART A PLACE TO HIDE
ME IN.”

WITHOUT I hear the beating of the rain,
The howling winds that tell the storm's
increase ;
O covert sure that he who seeks may gain ! —
Within abideth peace !

Without I hear the sound of feet that halt,
And grope and stumble in the blinding light ;
O blessed faith that serveth in default
Of what men call the light !

O rest, O wayside inn, where home is not
For the poor pilgrim to that city fair
Where strife shall cease and doubtings be forgot !
The Lamb, the Light is there !

“I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR
FORSAKE THEE.”

HOW patient art Thou, dearest Lord,
And how perverse am I !
Still day by day some other way
To win me Thou dost try. .

Now under skies serenely bright
Thou leadest me along,
No cloud of ill my hopes to chill
Or turn to sighs my song.

And now Thou sufferest cruel storms,
Misfortune's bitter blast,
To lay me low that I may know
Thy shelter o'er me cast.

To-day companionships most sweet
To every hour give wings,
And morn and eve such visions weave
As shadow Heavenly things.

The visions fade ; bereft, cast down,
As in some desert waste
Thou leavest me that unto Thee
My lonely heart may haste.

The awful consciousness of sin
Thou makest me to feel,
The sickness dread of heart and head
That only Thou canst heal.

Thou dost oppress me till I fall
Repentant at Thy feet,
That on Thy breast I may find rest
As undeserved as sweet.

Again, to meditation's shade
Thou lurest me aside,
And truths wouldst teach beyond the reach
Of any human guide, —

Soft whispers of the Spirit's lore
Whose wisdom saints attain ;
But soon I say, " Some other day ! "
And turn to what seems plain.

How faithful art Thou, dearest Lord,
But oh, how faithless I,
That o'er and o'er and more and more
Thy faithfulness I try !

Oh, were Thy sweet commandments writ
In this inconstant heart,
It could not be that I from Thee
Should ever walk apart !

That I should leave the only Friend
Who will not me forsake,
But still doth plead, and plead, and plead,
As one whose heart must break !

Strive with me still, O Love Supreme ;
Supremest Patience, strive !
Thou hast restored the lost, dear Lord,
Hast made the dead alive ;

And nothing is impossible
To Thy Almightiness
Whose glory found its boundless bound
In such divine redress.

Thou sure must win me in the end
To Thy eternal claim,
Who didst create, regenerate,
And call me by Thy Name.

The day must come, the blessed day,
When I updrawn shall be,
And on the Cross count all things loss,
And dying live to Thee !

QUICKEN THOU ME.

THE thorn is budding into life again,
The quickened vine puts out its tender shoots,
The warm, warm sunshine and the cool, cool rain
Feeding their hidden roots.

Sweet Spirit, entering where no eye can see,
Reach this poor heart in all its waiting need,
And like the thorn and vine my life shall be
When Thou its roots dost feed.

“THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I
TRUST IN HIM.”

OFT by trials overborne,
Baffled where I strove to do,
Not the way I would have gone
Thou, dear Lord, hast led me through ;
Yet, believing, I can say,
It was best — this very way.

*And to-morrow can I doubt
What Thou orderest will be best ?
Darkness may be round about ;
Faith may meet its sorest test ;
But the past must lend a ray
Of assurance for that day.

Not in vain Thy grace has wrought
Secretly, against my will,
Bringing me to think this thought
And to trust Thy mercy still ;
Trusting, as I surely may,
Just because of yesterday.

Nay, forgive me ! poor indeed
Is the faith whose backward gaze
Seeks for signs that it may plead
In behalf of coming days,
Strengthening timid hope to say,
"He was gracious yesterday."

Ah, how little do we know
Of Thy mercy's magnitude !
How our faith should burn and glow
With the thought that Thou art good !
And in adoration say,
"I will trust Him, though He slay."

Once Thou didst bestow a sign
That forever should suffice ;
Showing forth the Love Divine
In that one supreme device.
Though all else should pass away,
Faith shall find that sign its stay.

Come, then, darkness, suffering, loss ;
Come temptation, sorrow, death ;
By that sign, the holy Cross,
Faith forever conquereth ;
And foretasting Life can say,
"I will trust Him, though He slay."

“HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL
IN NO WISE CAST OUT.”

HERE, weary heart, at last thy wanderings
cease ;
Thy long, sad quest ;
Nowhere beside is hope ; nowhere is peace ;
Nowhere is rest.

O slow to come to Him who called and called
With proffers sweet !
While pride withheld thee and thy sin appalled
He did entreat.

What is thy shame, however great thy shame,
When thou dost think
That knowing all He loved thee all the same ;
How couldst thou shrink !

How couldst thou fear ! as if He could reject
Who came to save !
To give thee spite of guilt and long neglect
What thou didst crave —

The sense of pardon filling all the soul
Washed clean at last;
The grace that follows with its sweet control ;
The shame o'erpast !

To win thee sorrowing to His glad embrace
How hath He striven !
Oh, hear His Voice — couldst thou but see His
Face ! —
Thou art forgiven !

THE LOWEST PLACE.

NOT that I may be chiefest, Lord,
 But that I may obey
More closely Thy most sweet commands,
 Teach me to serve, I pray.

Not that I may be honored more
 Who am indeed the least,
I would the lowest place like one
 Grace-bidden to the feast;

But that Thy smile, my blessed Lord,
 Might reach that lowest place,
And show me, though the last and least,
 The fulness of that grace.

“CONFESS YOUR FAULTS ONE TO
ANOTHER.”

HOW often, dearest Lord,
Within the closet’s hush,
Do we confess our sins to Thee
With tear or blush !

But when in word or deed
Some brother we offend,
Though one sweet utterance would keep
Our friend our friend,

How, trampling on Thy grace,
Pride will repentance foil,
And from confession due to *him*
Our hearts recoil !

“I cannot stoop to that,”
Self-love in secret cries ;
The fear of man, not fear of sin,
Before her eyes.

Oh, if our fear of man
Were lost in love of Thee ;
If Thy dear likeness we possessed
In least degree ;

The coldness we might meet,
The poor vague sense of loss,
The small contempt that often seems
The sorest cross,

The world's derision cast
On acts of lowliness, —
How would we brave them for Thy sake,
To make redress !

The hour is near when earth
No longer will appall ;
But only words and deeds that hour
Beyond recall.

I would not leave undone
The work Thou gavest me,
Nor my transgressions unconfessed,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

But oh, that other test
Of those who name Thy Name ;
The bearing of that outward cross
That Thou dost claim !

Sweet Jesus, give me grace,
And make me swift to say,
"I own my fault, good neighbor mine;
Forgive, I pray."

And should my neighbor turn
Away from me his face,
Sufficient for my humbled soul
Would be Thy grace.

THE COMMON OFFERING.

IT is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
(By the love that cannot be told).

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service drawn near ;
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear :
Look, Master ; the love is here !

A HYMN OF CONTRITION.

SINCE for Thy lips were mingled, O my Lord,
The vinegar and gall,
Should I not say, Earth's sweet things be abhorred,
And sweet Earth's bitter call ?

Since Thou for me the cup of death didst drain, —
Yea, O my Lord, for me, —
My cup of ills should I not take, as fain
To share one draught with Thee ?

O Victor-Victim, though the flesh afraid
Sink trembling at Thy feet,
Cast over it Thy pity's awful shade,
And hear me Thee entreat !

Make Thou these tears of penitence and shame
For sin and frailties all,
More sharp than vinegar, more hot than flame,
And bitterer than gall.

Then, Lord, in every draught Thou wilt distil
Thine own exceeding peace
To sweeten all the cup earth's sorrows fill
Till earth and sorrow cease.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

O MEDITATION sweet, that makes
The midnight watch an hour of rest,
And brings, when fickle sleep forsakes,
A holier calm to hearts opprest.

Soft speaking as to one so near
That, kneeling, we might kiss His feet,
The Name above all names most dear
Our erst complaining lips repeat.

Our griefs that Christ alone can guess,
Our doubts that Christ alone can know,
Flow out to meet His tenderness, —
In tearful confidences flow.

For He who bore all sorrow, weighed,
Nailed to His own, each lesser cross ;
He knows the burden on us laid,
The secret pain, the hidden loss.

Touched with our woes, He lifteth up
The humblest follower in His train ;
He maketh sweet the bitter cup,
And death itself is blessed gain.

Thus in the lonely night we learn
 To trust Him most as joys decrease,
And when our need is sorest turn
 To hear His silence whisper, *Peace!*

O SPOTLESS LAMB !

THOUGH all I have is Thine
And Thine is all I am,
How poor, how vile a gift is mine
To Thee, O Spotless Lamb !

For all I have is dross,
And guilt is all I am,
And all I gain I count as loss,
For Thee, O Spotless Lamb !

What is my life but death —
So dead in heart I am !
Oh for one living, living breath
Like Thine, O Spotless Lamb !

Descend, Thou Holy Dove,
Brood o'er me as I am,
That I may draw that breath of love —
Thy love, O Spotless Lamb !

For me Thy blood was shed,
All worthless though I am ;
In that pure stream from foot to head
I'll wash, O Spotless Lamb !

Made clean in that dear tide
Fit ev'n for Thee I am ;
My heart of hearts thus purified
Accept, O Spotless Lamb !

And when beyond earth's sight
With Thy redeemed I am,
In realms whose one supernal light
Thou art, O Spotless Lamb, —

When with Thy joy and peace
Pure-clad and crowned I am,
How shall I sing, nor ever cease,
Thy love, O Spotless Lamb !

A PSALM OF WEARINESS.

O VERBORNE by journeyings far
Where no resting-places are,
Lured by visions of repose
That in fading mock my woes,
Saviour ! may Thy presence be
Unto me
As the shadow cool and sweet
Of a rock in desert heat.

Shelter of the shelterless,
Cover Thou my weariness ;
With Thy peace, a tent most fair,
Screen me from this earthly glare,
And Thy consolations shed
On my head,
Sweeter than the balm of sleep
When the eyes forget to weep.

WHEN I AWAKE.

Ps. xvii. 15.

WHEN I awake shall I Thine image bear,
O Thou Adored ?

The image lost, in some pure Otherwhere
Oh, shall it be restored ?

Already stealeth o'er my trembling soul
Some semblance sweet, —

The wavering outline of the perfect whole
Thy Touch shall yet complete ?

When I awake shall I indeed cast by
All earthly taint,

And walk with Thee in white, Thy white, on high,
As seraph walks and saint ?

Through endless, blessed ages shall I know
Thy Will alone ;

Its all-pervading, perfect motions grow
More than mine own mine own ?

The glories that no vision can forestall
With crystal gleam ;
The peace, the rapture, and the holy thrall
Of Love that reigns supreme ;

The death of all that meaneth self and time ;
The gain of Thee,
My Lord, my God ! the victory sublime
When only Thou shalt be, —

Thou, all in all, — all in Thy fulness lost,
And all, all found
Dear beyond price, no aspiration crossed ;
Thou, only Thou our bound ; —
Shall I behold, receive, possess, attain
All this and more
To tell whereof all tongues would strive in vain,
In vain all language pour ?

Shall the Great Vision that transcends our dreams
At last unfold ?
Thy Face, Thy Glory whence all glory streams
Shall I indeed behold
When I awake ? Oh can it ever be,
All joys beside,
That I shall gaze and gaze, my God, on Thee ?
I shall be satisfied.

A MORNING HYMN.

O SWEET untroubled morning, bring
Untroubled peace upon thy wing,
And banish with the banished night
The fears that cloud thy clearest light.

Not more serene, if not more drear,
Will be the morrow for our fear ;
While Doubt, sad spendthrift ! throws away
The golden coin of hope to-day.

Oh for the faith that goes to meet
The future with unshrinking feet,
Remembering that the sorest rod
Blooms with the patient love of God !

Dear Lord, whose mercy veileth all
That may our coming days befall,
Still hide from us the things to be,
But rest our troubled hearts in Thee !

EVENING HYMN OF PRAISE.

SWEET Jesu ! through the hours of light,
For every deadly sin restrained,
For dangers passed, for comfort gained,
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might.
Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! through the hours of night
Thy watch of grace and mercy keep ;
Thou slumberest not albeit we sleep ;
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might.
Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! though our sins affright
And fill with shame our sorrowing breast,
In Thee we pardon find and rest,
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might.
Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! when the world is bright,
And when 't is dark, alike be near,
Our stay of peace, our staff of cheer ;
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might.
Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! Thine by day and night,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
Fill Thou with praise our every breath,
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might.
Amen.

A NIGHT OF FAITH.

DARK, utter dark ; no faintest ray
To light the way
Of sunset-gleam or coming day !

The vision aches with lack of sight,
For depth and height
Are one vast blank of baffling night.

Oh that the soul might be at rest ;
Might yield her quest,
With the sole thought of God possessed !

That she might close her wearied eyes
And blindfold-wise
Walk on as under shining skies ;

As seeing Him who is unseen ;
And wait serene
Though twofold night should intervene !

O touch of God ! O miracle
That none may tell !
Her eyes are closed and all is well.

Though twofold night doth round her press
She knows no less
He will not leave her comfortless.

The desolate Cry on Calvary's height,
Its mid-day night,
Her pledges are of coming light.

THE DIVINE LOVE.

O PATIENT God, whom men forsake,
All-kind, all-gracious as Thou art,
How soon our faithlessness would break
A human heart !

How vast must be the Love so strong,
Its yearning, oh, how fathomless,
That sin prolonged should yet prolong
Thy tenderness !

Though we may slight that Love with doubt,
Thy paths of sweet commandment spurn,
Thou wilt in no wise cast him out
Who would return !

The uttermost Thy Love doth reach ;
And oh the pathos of its cry
All humbled to our human speech,—
“ *Why will ye die ?* ”

Were not Thy wide compassion more
Than even all the powers of sin
These feet would never find Thy Door,
And enter in.

We see Thee as the suffering Christ
With Cross and Passion bowèd down ;
Earth's meanest things for Thee sufficed,
And Sorrow's crown,

If only famished souls might flee
Life's husks for Love's Eternal Feast,
And all might dwell in bliss with Thee —
The very least !

"Lord, we repent ! Lord, we believe !"
And Thou acceptest even this ?
And faithless wanderers wilt receive
With heavenly kiss ?

O Love ! we sink from Thine embrace
Thy feet to kiss forevermore !
The humblest is the fittest place
When souls adore !

APPREHENSION.

DEAR Lord, this day is so unlike
The day I feared that it would be !
I wonder much, I said last night,
What it will bring to me.

What does it mean, — this haunting dread ?
What added sorrows wait me more,
And o'er my trembling spirit spread
Their shadows thus before ?

I seemed to stand upon a brink,
Yet could not see the gulf below ;
It dizzied me to try to think,
As with some coming blow.

Dear hands I saw on either side
Reach out as for a final kiss ;
And clasping each o'er each I cried,
Not this one, Lord ; not this !

I cannot bear one parting more ;
My heart is at the point to break !
As if Thou didst not know before,
Dear Lord, to Thee I spake.

And then I slept, the sleep of fear,
And waked in sad bewilderment ;
The day, the dreaded day, was here ;
What trial would be sent ?

Up to the zenith rose the sun,
And now I watch its bright decline ;
The hours have passed me one by one ;
No added griefs are mine !

Still must I feel the piercing sword
Of what hath been or yet may be ;
But from that nameless terror, Lord,
At least I am set free.

And slowly, slowly, yet how sure,
Returns the restful consciousness
That in Thy care I am secure,
And chastening, Thou dost bless.

Not more than I can bear I know
Thou, dearest Lord, on me wilt lay,
And I can learn of Thee to go
Unfearing on my way.

GOD'S SILENCE.

God's Silence ! Holiest speech that is
Is but a dew-fall out of this ;
And human Love's own tongues of bliss
But broken language caught from His.

Why should we question, though our cry —
“Lord, hear me — answer, or I die !” —
Seems echoed from an empty sky ?
He hears — He answers, utterly.

“Lord, answer !” And with shuddering breath,
As those already doomed to death,
We wait for Him who rescueth
The very bird that perisheth.

O sword of doubt, two-edged with pain,
That cuts the quivering heart in twain !
As if His Love could ever wane !
As if our cry could be in vain !

His Silence ! once, indeed, it brake
With Love's great stress, when He did take
A mortal guise for Love's sweet sake,
And spake as never mortal spake.

Since He his own Divine did blend
With Human in that Saviour-Friend,
That we enough might comprehend
His Love to trust Him to the end ;

And guided by His perfect care,
Find all dark places everywhere
Wind upward, a celestial stair
To Love's own heights divinely fair ;

He must forever bless ; and aye,
At the dear break of Heaven's sweet day,
Wipe all earth's bitter tears away,
And give us more than heart can pray !

Oh, should He speak, and could we guess
That Tongue of Infinite Tenderness,
His Silence still would more express
His Love's unspeakable excess !

“IT IS I.”

“IT is so hard !” I said,
And sat within and told my troubles o'er;
A hand fell softly on my bowèd head,
Yet no one passed my door.

“A fancy !” then I said ;
“But oh ! to feel that touch forevermore !
Methinks, indeed, I could be comforted !”
And sorrowed as before.

“No other heart can know !”
Brake out my grief again with bitter cry ;
“And God is far — so far my faith lets go
Her hold on Heaven to die !”

Then some one stoopèd low,
His heart full-throbbing, as with tears, close by :
“Lord ! is it Thou so movèd by my woe ?”
He answered, “It is I.”

AFTER THE STORM.

ALL night in the pauses of sleep I heard
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God,
Who cry unto Thee.

But in silence and beauty the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed,
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent
As if to whisper to all who mourn
Love's hidden intent.

THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

O H what abounding grace !
Of one we read
Whose piteous wound in lieu of speech did bleed
(As if even Nature's self for him would plead);
Who mid his silent brethren silent went
Two weary years on prayer and labor bent,
Unmindful of his misery so he still
Shaped every deed and thought to God's dear will;
Nor heeded he his bed of knotted straw
Whose vigils sore the Master only saw ;
Nor looked forward to the ashen heap
Whereon the dying brethren fell on sleep
(Acquainting them or ere they joined the dead
With the poor kindred dust whereto they sped);
Nor fastings long, nor penance he relaxed ;
Nor less the body for the body taxed ;
Nor changed a whit the posture, or the face
That shone with calm while grew his woe apace.
Vain, vain the body's strife to turn aside
The purpose of the spirit sanctified !
In snatch of wretched sleep his chastened will

Restrained the groan, o'ercame the anguish, still;
And if perchance that sleep his lips unsealed,
Their words of peace his sharpest pangs concealed.

But when the oozing blood for him complained,
And half-betrayed his woe the raiment stained,
The quick-eyed abbot bade the surgeon speed
Whose skilful hand might serve his piteous need.
Compassionate the sufferer they bound,
While wept the mute attendants standing round
As the bared back disclosed the blackening wound.
"Thus bind him fast!" the surgeon whispered low;
"Not else might he endure the mortal woe!"
While they through tears beheld the fearful sight
The poor monk raised a face of saintly light;
"Not of myself," he said, "but God is here
To hold me that I neither shrink nor fear."
Then even as Death's own shadow in the cell
On him, on all, the wonted silence fell;
Only a dripping on the floor of brick
As the sharp knife swift piercèd to the quick:
No shudder felt, no moan repressed, betrayed
The spirit fainting or the flesh afraid.
"O holy father, he must speak or die!
Command these lips to utter forth their cry!"
Implored the surgeon, with a whitening cheek.
"Speak, O my brother, speak! I *bid* thee speak!"
With streaming eyes the pitying abbot said,
As it were his own quivering flesh that bled!

The ashen lips almost a smile entranced,
And from the eye unearthly rapture glanced,
As his uplifted face like Stephen's glowed,
And from his tongue a heavenly utterance flowed:

“My Lord! my Lord! that Thou shouldst raise
me up,
And suffer me to taste Thy measureless cup
Of agony, and in some poor degree
Learn how all-measureless Thy Love must be!
O wondrous riches by the poorest gained!
O heights no rapture ever yet attained!
O depths beyond all human thought to reach!
Love passing knowledge as it passeth speech!
That I should see the glory of Thy Face
While yet vile clay in this despisèd place!
O all-transcending Love! O matchless grace!
Thrice-blest this tongue that may forego its spell
Not of these pangs but of that Love to tell!”

Even as he spake back in their arms he fell,
And Death's own radiance filled the narrow cell!

MY PETITION.

OFT when I pray that God will bless
My friends most dear,
Will make their trials something less,
Or crown their lives with happiness,
From year to year ;

Soon as my fond petitions rise,
The thought will come
That the dear Lord alone is wise,
And He ordaineth sacrifice
As life's true sum. 

Whichever way our path may lead
There looms the Cross,
No less to beckon than to plead ;
The while it covers human need,
Demanding loss.

“ If thou wilt enter life, resign
Thy life,” it saith ;
“ A soldier of the King Divine,
The martyr’s spirit should be thine,
If not his death.

“ What thou possessest, count it loss ;
It will not last ;
The wealth of this world yield as dross ;
Hold blessings humbly ; but the cross —
The cross hold fast ! ”

Not less of trial then, not more
Of happiness
I crave, as I have craved before,
For those I pray for o'er and o'er,
And fain would bless.

But now my fond petitions rise :
From things of time,
Lord Jesus, turn away their eyes,
That they may see in sacrifice
A joy sublime.

Not sacrifice of strength or ease
Or wealth alone ;
But what so far exceedeth these —
The self so eager self to please,
And seek its own.

For Thy sweet sake in them fulfil
This sacrifice,
And make them strong to serve Thee still,
Yea, Lord, through good report and ill,
Whate'er the price.

Give what Thou wilt, or take away ;
Be this their crown,
Their earthly life from day to day
In will, if not in deed, to lay
Victorious down.

THE WAY OF THORNS.

THERE is but one true way ;
No other choice be mine ;
Lord, every path must lead astray
Save only Thine.

A straight and narrow road
Hedged in with thorns indeed,
And every thorn most like a goad
To bid me heed.

They wound my human pride,
They rend my selfishness,
And when I seek to turn aside,
How sharp they press !

On every hand I hear
Alluring tongues of time,
And oft they win my outward ear
Like silver chime.

They call : "That way forsake ;
A needless strife is thine ;
A thousand paths our feet may take
And find divine."

But have ye seen the end ?
I trembling answer back :
He knoweth all, my Lord and Friend,
Who points this track.

Here His Apostles trod ;
Here martyrs won their crown ;
Here every saint for love of God
The world laid down.

His own most blessed feet
This narrow pathway wore,
And pangs no anguish can repeat
For us He bore.

All sorrow, shame, and scorn,
Death, very death He knew ;
From every thorn a sharper thorn
His pity drew.

A way of strife indeed,
But every step I go
That pity to repentance leads
And keeps me low.

Because the way is His,
And victory is sure,
And faith is more than present bliss,
I can endure.

THE BLESSED TASK.

I SAID: Sweet Master, hear me pray;
For love of Thee the boon I ask;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task.
And listening long with hope elate
I only heard Him whisper, Wait.

The days went by but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I sighed, In vain I pray,
I heard Him gently answer, Nay !

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what that waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And oh the depth of my content!—
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly *to obey*.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
 My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

LORD, when I strive to serve Thee most,
 Yet toil in vain ;
When I can see but labor lost,
 Instead of gain ;

When plans fall out another way
 From what seems best,
And failure comes though I obey
 Thy clear behest ;

When hopes whereon I dare to lean
 Thou dost deny ;
When Thou forbiddest me to glean
 The fields hard by ;

When fairest prospects opening wide
 Before mine eyes,
Thou walkest in on every side,
 And mountains rise

That faith seems powerless to remove, —
 Then, dearest Lord,
Draw near to me, draw near and prove
 Thy written Word !

That Thou in all things dost ordain
Thy children's good ;
That joy shall be the fruit of pain
When understood,

I know, and yet (O slow of heart !)
But half believe ;
And when I fail in secret smart,
And fret, and grieve.

Fill me with faith's divine content
In Thee, O Lord,
And make me willing to be spent
Without reward !

Yea, Lord, without one smallest gain,
Though sought alone
For others' good, by toil and pain,
Not for mine own.

And when my failures cast me down,
Make me to rest,
Not in the thought of any crown,
But on Thy breast.

The weary sea-bird goes to sleep
On tossing waves,
Untroubled by the storm, the deep,
In trust that saves.

It is the hollow of Thy hand
That shapes its nest;
So, though I may not understand,
Make me to rest.

MY FIELD.

I WILL not wrong thee, O To-day,
With idle longing for To-morrow ;
But patient plough my field and sow
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the loving light
That melts the cloud's repellent edges ;
The still unfolding, bud by bud,
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

I breathe His breath ; my life is His ;
The hand He nerves knows no defrauding ;
The Lord will make this joyless waste
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding ! Yes ; and yet
Not mine a single blade or kernel ;
The seed is His ; the quickening His ;
The care unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest song shall be
When He who blessed the barren furrow
Shall thrust His shining sickle in
And reap my little field To-morrow.

HIS PEACE.

WHEN day and its cares are over
I draw my chamber blind,
And under the night's sweet cover
All manner of comfort find.

Like doves to their windows flying
My thoughts from their daily quest
At the call of my heart replying
Return to their nightly rest.

And folding them all together
I hide them away from sight,
Their wanderings hither and thither
Forgot in the quiet of night.

One, only one thought remaineth;
It is born not of nature but grace,
And upward the flight it taketh
Beyond the limits of space:

He only who changes never,
Can choose for my soul the best;
Can quicken and crown the endeavor, —
He only can give me rest.

How mighty He is, I remember ;
How measureless is His Love ;
And how in the heart's hushed chamber
His Peace may abide as a dove.

OMNISCIENCE.

THE door is shut and yet Thou enterest in,
Without or lifting latch or loosening bar !
Friends who have known me best and longest win
No entrance here ; but only stand afar
Oblivious of the hiding places deep
Where I myself unconsciously do keep.

Thou enterest in, O Lord, Omnipotent,
Omniscient, Omnipresent, yet unseen ;
Thy patient eyes upon me ever bent ;
No faintest mist hung piteously between
To veil my thoughts or my infirmities
From those all-searching and long-suffering eyes.

As I am seen could I but gaze on Thee
Awful in majesty and royal might,
Yet as a lamb in love's simplicity,
And as a spotless lamb of matchless white,
So kingly yet so lowly ! — could I see,
What, O my Saviour, would become of me !

This, this I know ; no word of self-excuse
For any fault of mine my tongue could frame ;
Nay, more ; for very shame I should refuse
The shield, if there could be a shield from blame ;
And all the love that human breast can know
Would at Thy feet lay me forever low !

“NO ONE TAKETH YOUR PEACE
AWAY.”

THE long week's close: how sweet and clear
The curfew greets the tired world's ear!
“In sleep by night and in rest by day,
Peace be yours!” it seems to say.

Then folds the world its countless hands;
Unheeded slide the drowsy sands,
This last sweet night of the rounded seven
Falling noiselessly out of heaven.

In depths of more celestial blue
The sacred morn unfolds anew,
As if to yield to the weary breast
Balm of beauty as well as rest.

How hushed! the silence-quickenèd ear
Turned heavenward can almost hear
The white cloud trail, and the arrow of light
Earthward speeding in golden flight.

And over all, compassionate,
A tender Presence seems to wait,
Beyond the cloud, beyond the light,
Beckoning upward from height to height.

"In sleep by night and in rest by day,
May peace be yours," did the curfew say ?
"I, only, can give you peace!" replies
A Voice that thrilletteth the boundless skies.

Lord Jesus, turn us from the noise
Of endless strivings and empty joys,
To find forever Thy one true peace,
Rest from sorrow, from sin release !

Then will each morn of the week-day year
The Lord's Day morning mirror clear ;
And every night will the curfew say,
"No one taketh your peace away."

IN THE GARDEN.

IN this still garden in the cool of day
I often meditate :—
Should He who walked in Eden come this way
And consecrate
This place of bloom with Presence passing fair
And robes that make more sweet this summer air !

Anon a Voice far off yet near I catch,
And question, — Comes He now ?
The virgin lilies that for Him keep watch
Do lowly bow,
And the meek grasses lowlier yet to greet
His soft approach and reverent kiss His feet.

But as for me who cannot see Him pass
Yet fain would feel Him near,
I bow me lowlier even than the grass,
In love and fear ;
Far lowlier than the lilies on their stem,
And through them press to touch His garment's
hem !

More softly blows the summer wind to lift
 His mantle's sacred fold ;
Through all the place sweet sighs and odors drift
 Like bliss half-told ;
And in the fading west a single star
Trembles with rapture watching Him afar !

And oh, that I should see that star remote
 Yet His near Glory miss
Wherein the sun itself and stars do float
 As motes, I wis !
But since no man that Glory could abide,
How should I dare lament the sight denied !

Dark, hushed and dark, the garden round me
grows,
 The folded flowers more sweet ;
I hearken long to hear Him where He goes
 With noiseless feet,
Till the familiar place seems sad and strange,
And Eden to Gethsemane doth change.

Through heavy silence falls the heavy dew
 Like sweat of sorrow wrung,
As if the bitter cup were filled anew
 O'er which He hung,
Whose Love all love transcending overcame,
For us endured the Cross, despised the shame !

Albeit against that Presence passing by
These mortal eyes are sealed,
I see this Other, like Him, standing nigh,
To faith revealed :
At His dear feet on consecrated sod
I cry like one of old : " My Lord — my God ! "

THE TWO CITIES.

ON the dusky shores of evening stretched in
shining peace it lies,
City built of clouds and sunshine, wonder of
the western skies !

While I watch and long for pinions thitherward
to take my flight,
Slowly the aerial City fades and vanishes from
sight.

Ruby dome and silver temple, circling wall of
amethyst,
Fall in silence leaving only purple ruin hung with
mist.

Darkness gathers eastward, westward ; stronger
waxeth my desire
Reaching through celestial spaces glittering as
with rain of fire,

To the City set in jasper having twelve founda-
tions fair,
Flashing from their jewelled splendor every color
soft and rare.

Twelve in number are its gateways, numbered
by the Seer of old ;
Every gate a pearl most lustrous, and its streets
are paved with gold.

In the midst in dazzling whiteness lightens the
Eternal Throne ;
From it flows the Living water ; round it gleams
an emerald zone.

Luscious fruits and balmy odors, healing leaves
and cooling shade,
Either side the Life-tree sheddeth by sweet storms
of music swayed.

O thou grand untempled City seen by John in
visions bright,
Glory-flooded, needing neither sun by day nor
moon by night ;

Filled forever and forever by the shining light of
Him
Who redeemed the world and sitteth throned
between the Seraphim !

Through thy lovely gates the nations of the saved
in triumph stream,
Chanting praise above all praises, love of love
their holy theme.

They no more shall thirst or hunger, they no
more with heat shall faint ;
Christ for tears will give them gladness, blissful
rest for sore complaint.

Blessed they who do His bidding, cries the Angel
day and night ;
They shall find abundant entrance ; they shall
walk with Him in white.

THE WANING YEAR.

THE year is waning, waning;
I feel its close draw near;
A murmur of complaining
In all earth's sounds I hear,
That saith, The year is waning;
And sighs, O waning year!

All garnered is its glory,
Its fulness and its might;
The ghostly fields lie hoary
Seen in the early light;
The threads of summer's story
Are lost to touch and sight.

But memories grow dearer
When falls the latest leaf;
And many things grow clearer
To eyes made dim by grief;
And hidden things seem nearer
Because the days are brief.

The wealth we must surrender
Of leafage, bloom, and light,
Reveals the larger splendor
And grandeur of the night;
And worship that we render
Seems more in God's own sight.

The heavens laid bare above us
In majesty untold,
Show forth how He doth love us,
And would our lives infold;
How the dear Lord would have us
Look up to Him more bold;

With simple, childlike boldness,
That fears without a fear;
Nor stands far off in coldness,
But draws unquestioning near;
A glad, forgetful boldness,
That saith, Thy child is here!

Oh, as the years go by us,
As year by year they wane,
And many trials try us,
And everything is vain,
If God doth not deny us
How can our hearts complain!

The fields will fade around us,
Our beauty go away ;
The darkness will surround us,
But, oh ! we need not stray ;
And nothing shall confound us
Who look to Him alway.

The year is waning, waning ;
I feel its close draw near ;
And through the earth's complaining
One blessed Voice I hear.
O happy, peaceful waning !
How sweet the waning year !

VALE.

GOOD-NIGHT, O Earth ! the nights are growing long ;

The days are brief ;

Life hath one solemn burden for its song :

“ As fades the leaf.”

Good-night, poor World ! if thou art full of sin

Why so am I !

In this proud heart to judge would I begin,

Nor self pass by.

Good-night, my foe ! not all the wrong was thine ;

My share I own ;

Forgive ! — we, human, know one word Divine ;

The sun goes down.

Good-night, good friend ! though poor my gifts to thee

I will not fret ;

The richer thou whose bounty is so free,

And sweet my debt.

No longer to revenge nor to repay
I strive or seek ;
Empty I came, must empty go away, —
Empty and weak.

As one who wakes no more to smile or weep
Another day,
So would I lay me humbly down to sleep
And humbly say :

Dear Lord, who hadst not where to lay Thy head,
As poor were I
Did not Thy mercy make for me a bed
Wheron to die.

PART II.

To my Nieces,

JEANIE, MARY, AND EDITH.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O WISE little birds, how do ye know
The way to go,
Southward and northward, to and fro ?

Far up in the ether pipèd they :
“ We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

“ He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here ;
Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds ! He calleth me
Who calleth ye :
Would that I might as trusting be !

FRIENDS.

TO CARA.

THERE is only the river between us, dear,
And we can come and go,
And though you are there and I am here
I am filled with content, for I know
You are moving brightly about the house
Busy with many a task,
And often alone in your fair sweet room
In the morning light or the evening gloom
You think of me,
You pray for me,
And, oh, what more can I ask !

Daily, indeed, I wish you were here,
And when I am doubtful or vexed
I long for your counsels calm and clear,
But I do the thing that lies next,
And He who is more than any friend
Makes everything easy and straight,
And it is not so hard as I feared to go
In the way untried, and as long as I know
You think of me
And you pray for me,
For everything else I can wait.

Some day I shall go to her, I say,
Or she will come over to me ;
In a little space I shall see her face,
This very day it may be.
So I will not mind the things unkind,
The bitter that might be sweet,
But strive with a better, braver heart
To fight the good fight and bear my part,
While she thinks of me
And prays for me,
And very soon we shall meet.

Sometimes I ponder how it will be
When you drift to some home afar ;
And sometimes how when you are gone
Where the saints and angels are,
When another river shall flow between
That never can be recrossed ;
But still I say, whatever betide,
Though earth may part us or death divide,
She will think of me,
She will pray for me ;
My friend can never be lost.

For friendship to live must be to love,
To remember must be to pray,
So living or dying your prayers must be mine
And mine must be yours alway.

And, oh, in the light of Paradise,
 Most faithful of friends, most dear,
Unhindered by weakness or doubt, and wise
With the wisdom that sees not with earthly eyes,
 It surely must be
 You will pray for me
As you could not pray for me here!

THE LILACS.

HEAVY with fragrance and with dew,
I see them in the moonlight pale, —
The lilac-plumes that, two and two,
Nod to the wind's low wail.

Purple and white, I see them wave, —
Purple for valor, white for truth;
And far away I see a grave
Where lies the flower of youth !

THE RIVER.

A BOVE the winding River's brink
The tall trees wave their branches green ;
Their cool brown roots, washed bare and clean,
Reach down through cooler depths to drink.

“Behold, how heavenly is my task,”
Methinks the River murmurs low ;
“As God bestoweth, I bestow ;
To be like Him is all I ask.”

O River, thou and I are one
In sweet desire to serve and be ;
Yet every day I grieve to see
How all my deeds do selfward run !

THE DOVES.

PRETTY doves, so blithely ranging
Up and down the street ;
Glossy throats all bright hues changing,
Little scarlet feet.

Pretty doves ! among the daisies
They should coo and flit !
All these toilsome, noisy places
Seem for them unfit.

Yet amidst our human plodding
They must love to be ;
With their little heads a-nodding,
Busier than we.

Close to hoof and wheel they hover,
Glancing right and left,
Sure some treasure to discover ;
Rapid, shy, and deft.

Friendliest of feathered creatures,
In their timid guise ;
Wisdom's little silent teachers,
Praying *us* be wise.

Fluttering at footsteps careless,
Danger swift to flee,
Lowly, trusting, faithful, fearless,—
Oh that such were we !

In the world and yet not of it,
Ready to take wing,—
By this lesson could we profit
It were everything !

THE LINGERING OCTOBER WEATHER.

TO MRS. H. E. H.

DO you recall our pleasant walk,
The last, dear friend, we took together,
Our leisurely pace, our quiet talk,
The lingering October weather ?

How still the world was ! Not a breath
To lift a leaf or float a feather ;
A hush of happiness, not death,
That lingering October weather.

While like some frolic creature tied
By sweet content's unconscious tether,
Your little one walked close beside
That lingering October weather.

The lazy crows above our head
Went slowly sailing through the ether ;
The dry leaves rustled at our tread
That lingering October weather.

We followed up the winding road
Where shore and river kissed each other,
And Nature's peace our hearts o'erflowed
That lingering October weather.

Against the background of the pines
The birch and maple leaned together;
A flame ran through the blackberry vines
That lingering October weather.

Fair vistas opened either side,
Of hill or stream, or both together;
But one the hush on wood and tide
That lingering October weather.

The distant mountain seemed a cloud
Or like a melting opal rather,
With such a gracious light endowed,
That lingering October weather.

I looked upon your happy face;
I watched you as we walked together;
I thought: She fills so fair a place!
That lingering October weather.

With dancing eyes in swift surprise
You stooped a wilding rose to gather;
A rose, the pet of summer skies,
Still blooming through October weather!

I thought how like the rose you were!
Though youth and summer fly together,
No frost, I said, will visit her,
But lingering October weather.

THE MORNING CHAMBER.

I.

THIS flower-like chamber, delicately walled,
Of softest tints, low ceiled, wide and fair,
Where pensive meditations seem installed
 Like cloistered nuns long-motionless in prayer;
This lovely chamber, looking south and east
 Across green seas of rippling foliage dense,
Whose waiting windows catch the first and least
 Soft glimmer from that heavenly chamber
 whence
The sun rejoicing cometh; this sweet room,
 While folded yet in slumbers incomplete
The whole fair house beside lies wrapt in gloom;
 This morning chamber, high above the street,
Day's silent glory floods and overflows
 With golden calm that crowns the night's repose.

II.

HIGH noon! and fuller floods of sunshine pour
 Into this shining chamber till it seems—
 The very hidden rafters, secret beams—
To swim in splendor! I but cross the floor

And I forget 't is Winter, keen as clear.
To the swift eyes of mine imagining
Wide stand the windows, and the breath of
Spring,
Sweet courier of the violets, is here.
I half resolve to hie me out and see
How like a tiny army they possess
The earth — the violets, with their loveliness,
When, of a sudden, breaks my reverie !
But the warm flood fills all the chamber yet,
And ere it ebbs I *will again forget !*

III.

FAIR as the peace that like a river flows,
Across the room the cloudless moonlight streams ;
Recess and corner dusk its hallowing beams
Suffuse with mist-like glimmer of repose.
So hushed this chamber, and so rapt this tide
Of visible calm, that blessed visions rise
Of the Great City of Peace beyond the skies,
Of crystal waters that perpetual glide
From out the Throne, swift light descending light
Forever and forever, with a sound
Of inconceivable music music-drowned
In rain of benediction from the might
And majesty of ONE enthroned above, —
The Light of Light, whose Name of Names is
Love !

IN SPRING-TIME.

ALL rosy-white the orchard shows,
All blossom-sweet the west wind blows,
And sights and scents together bring
To yearning hearts the joy of Spring.

Through sunny vapors streams the sun,
And lights and showers blend in one ;
The fragrant rain through fragrance falls
And grape-vines bud on sheltering walls.

Out-warbling from his generous throat,
The golden robin's golden note
Calls to the lily and the rose
Still greenly hid in leafy close.

Hills capped with silence, as with snow,
Catch laughter faint of brooks below ;
With starry dandelions gay
The meadows mimic night by day.

Dim-cloistered in the odorous wood,
A shadow-loving sisterhood,
The wild flowers that the sun forswear
Are pale as pious nuns with prayer.

Like one refreshed by balmy sleep,
Her inmost bosom warm and deep
A-throb with beauty yet unborn,
Earth breathes away the blissful morn.

From sunny nooks that dream of bloom
To where gray moss o'ergrows the tomb,
Floats everywhere that precious breath —
The Life that ever conquers Death.

This is the joy of Spring, indeed ;
The witness glad to Word and Creed ;
The lovely Parable of Earth
That pointeth to Immortal Birth !

HOSPITALITY.

TO MRS. H. E. H.

SWEET friend, whose hospitality
Pervades your house like summer air,
And at whose board I ever find
A welcome marvellously kind
From all the dear ones gathered there;

How often when I take my place
One thought of swift regret will come,
That to your circle I can bring
In glad return no precious thing
To swell your pleasure's happy sum;

Nothing but simple loving rhymes
For some occasion like to-day,
When any one, however dull,
Some common flowers of thought might cull
And weave them in a birthday lay.

And this is all I bring you now,
A song of little worth, indeed,
Whose end a version poor will prove
Of one true poem that I love —
A poem that I daily read —

Of manhood high, and womanhood
 Its equal match in loveliness ;
Of girlhood ripening hour by hour
As simply as a wayside flower
 That knows and knows not heaven's caress ;

Of childhood gay as butterflies
 That frolic as they lightly roam ;
Of babyhood, whose dimpled hand
Holds all the house in dear command, —
 The poem of your own sweet home !

TWO MEN.

I.

LOSSSES on losses, fast they came ;
Men said : " There 's left him but his name ;
But that is free from blot or blame."

Despairing, bowed with care and dread,
As if he heard, he raised his head ;
" Thank God, I have my name !" he said.

II.

A palace ; gilded ease and glare ;
Loud jests and laughter ; banquets rare ;
Dark hints of foul beneath the fair.

At daybreak, on a sleepless bed,
He moaned and turned his fevered head ;
" I 've all things but a name !" he said.

MY NAMESAKE.

FROM silvery clouds the silvery showers
 Fell o'er the earth ;
Stole softly forth the faint, sweet flowers
 Of April birth.

An April babe my namesake came
 One April day ;
Just claimed on earth her place, her name,
 And fled away.

A few soft sighings of the breath
 And it was spent ;
Too frail for life, too sweet for death,
 She came and went.

So brief a stay, so swift a flight,
 Could scarce be felt ;
Thus snowflakes falling light as light
 Touch earth and melt.

If verily she hath been here
 We hardly know ;
The frailest blossoms of the year
 Her days outgrow.

Sweet month of soft unsorrowing sighs
And fragrant breath ;
Of tender, showery, brooding skies ;
Of life, not death ;

Her faint sweet memory entomb
In violets,
The pathos of whose faint perfume
Breathes no regrets !

How strange to enter Paradise,
As she to-day,
With not one tear in those sweet eyes
To wipe away !

VALENTINE TO A PRIEST.

(H. E. H.)

ALL ministries of love are thine,
A Of human love and love Divine ;
With wife of more than maiden charms,
And children sheltered in thy arms,
And cure of souls in that vast fold
Whose millions never can be told,
Thou verily art made acquaint,
Beloved priest, with this day's Saint —
Saint Valentine !

THE SINGER.

HE sits and sings in the room below,
A tender ballad of love and woe
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,
While she singeth so sad a lay —
Seeming to pour her soul away ?

Why not ? She doeth her heart no wrong ;
Lips joy-laden the whole day long
Well can afford to sorrow in song !

So keep her, Heaven ! nor let her know
Other sighings than those that flow,
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

TO E. J. P.

YOU love a legend. Here is one :
When Joseph warned in dreams by night
Took Mary and her Blessed Son
And they to Egypt made their flight,

As through the desert wild they went
By angels led and undismayed,
A flower sprang up of sweetest scent
Where'er the Virgin's steps were stayed.

'T is fabled that this flower since then
Blooms only on some feast-day high,
And chiefly when comes round again
The Feast of Christ's Nativity.

Be this sweet legend true or no,
'T is true that Mary went that way,
And true the Rose of Jericho
Blooms in my thoughts this Christmas Day.

And in the fragrant flower I find,
My darling child, a lesson true ;
A sermon and a song enshrined
That I in love unfold for you.

When through life's desert places led
By holy angels unaware,
Intent on mercy's deeds you tread
And make God's needy ones your care,

If in your arms the Christ Child dear
You carry wheresoe'er you go,
In every place earth's wilds to cheer
Will spring the Rose of Jericho.

“ PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.”

SWEET grows the world to-day and fair,
Seen through the Spring-time's lovely
sheen —

A tender mist of golden-green
That veils the earth and fills the air.

And lightly, softly blows the breeze,
With blossom-odors interblent,
And interwoven with their scent
The murmurous hum of golden bees.

And mingling with their braided balm,
A voice of dreamy sweetness near
Half sings, half sighs, in plaintive cheer,
A strain that linketh calm with calm.

On Nature's heart mine own I rest ;
“ Peace, troubled soul,” she soft entreats :
“ Peace, troubled soul,” the voice repeats,
In the low psalm that suits me best.

And through the mist of faith I see
A vision fair of One who stands
And stretches out His piercèd hands,
Saying, " My peace I give to thee."

IN MEMORIAM.

(A. B. M. entered into rest, Oct. 8, 1883.)

I WATCH them passing to and fro,
A little band of maidens fair ;
I count each sweet familiar face,
But one I look for is not there.

How strange it seems her face to miss
With bloom of youth and health aglow ;
So strong, so glad her hold on life,
Who would have dreamed she first would go ?

Amidst this group of happy girls
Her bright, responsive, buoyant ways
Winged every task, and seemed to add
New sunshine to the sunniest days.

Thus sped the gay, unconscious hours,
Yet oft within the sacred fane
Their voices mingled in the chant,
And it was hers that led the strain.

And in her wanderings ere she died
She dreamed herself in church once more,
And said *Our Father* and the *Creed*,
Then sang the *Gloria* o'er and o'er.

Sweeter than fabled song of bird
That drifting with the tide expires,
Those failing notes her watchers heard —
The hymn of God's celestial choirs.

So singing down the tide of time
Death came to her in sweet disguise,
And so her bright young soul passed on
Melodious into Paradise.

Still in the one Communion vast,
The Church at rest beyond the veil,
She sings with you, O little band,
The *Glorias* that shall never fail.

THE HOME AMONG THE HILLS.

MIDWAY between these towering hills
One lonely human dwelling ;
The circling acres, culture swept,
Its little history telling !

On either hand the meadow land
Makes fair the mountain spaces
With golden reach of buttercups
And silver drift of daisies.

Behind, the massive forest wall ;
Before, the river running ;
And close about the little cot
The signs of human cunning :

The signs so homely and so sweet
That draw us to each other,
And make the daily life of man
Familiar to his brother.

We know the hand at early morn
That cottage hearth-fire kindling ;
We watched the dropping of this corn ;
We wait its purple spindling !

A part have we in all the toils
Of these our mountain neighbors ;
A portion in the precious gain
Heaven winnows from their labors.

We taste their trials, share their feasts,
And with a passing wonder
We linger even while we go,
Their choice, their lot to ponder.

Amid the grandeur and the gloom
On every hand abiding,
A flower of human blossoming
This little home is hiding.

What tender wind of Providence
The small seed hither drifted
Where yet these shadows vast may fall
On village spires uplifted ?

Less awful seem those hills august,
Less lone the valley's glooming,
Since in this wilderness the rose
Of human life is blooming !

AN EASTER INCIDENT.

IN moonlight the world was sleeping,
As it slept on that night of old
When the wonderful angel descended
And the stone from the sepulchre rolled ;
The vigil of Easter was ended,
The hour of midnight tolled.

In one of the countless chambers
Where slumber held its sway,
Dreaming perhaps of Easter
A tranquil sleeper lay,
When the whisper of wings beside her
Wafted her dreams away.

Is it a bird ? she wondered,
Lifting her startled head
As she heard the delicate flitting
Circle around her bed,
And anon against the casement
The sweep of those wings outspread.

It was not the palpitant flutter
Of some poor terrified thing
That beateth the bars of its prison,
And bruiseth its tender wing,
But an eager, exultant motion,
Glad as the pulse of spring.

The flash of a thought, and the listener
Had lighted her lamp anew,
And wide on the shadowy chamber
Its fullest radiance threw;
When straightway toward its shining
The beautiful visitant flew.

A moth, a marvel of measure
From tip to tip of its wings,
Painted in colors resplendent—
Lightest and fairest of things;
Type of the Resurrection,
The angel's own message it brings !

Did the angel himself, descending
And passing through hamlet and town
To waken once more the faithful,
Their sorrow with joy to crown,
Touch with finger transcendent
That tiniest cradle brown ?

There lay the chrysalis empty,
 Frail shell of the past, outworn ;
Here was the living creature
 Exulting in beauty new-born,
And trembling as if to utter
 The truth of the Easter morn !

THE BOY WHO CARRIED THE CROSS.

(W. A. D. W. entered into rest July 13, 1883, aged 14 years.)

HENCEFORTH I shall always see him
As he looked when he led the way
For the children marching churchward
Upon some festal day ;

As I saw him that first fair Easter
In the light of the “day of days,”
When they entered God’s gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise.

He was born to be a leader,
I thought, as he led that throng,
Unconscious of self and comely,
Modest and noble and strong.

Princely in stature and bearing
And steadfast of hand and eye,
He carried the Church’s standard,
The Cross of Jesus, on high.

On his fair, unsullied forehead
Once signed with that sign of grace,
I could almost see its glory
Lighting his lovely face.

First and foremost by virtue
Of all that youth could claim,
He was first and foremost also
In a life that knew no blame.

So brilliant his future's promise
Fame *must* be his portion, we said ;
But the crown of Christian triumph
Already ennobled his head.

Unselfish, beloved and ardent
Whether in labor or play,
He carried his dear Lord's honor
Wherever he wended his way.

And if he had lived to gather
The laurels of all the earth,
And all the winds of heaven
Had wafted to men his worth ;

If he had lived, and dying
Been mourned as a nation's loss,
I still should have seen but this vision
Of the boy who carried the Cross.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

THE clouds are breaking — radiant scene !
 Blue, blue as only heaven is blue ;
The heaven that Heaven itself smiles through
 Unfolds its depths serene.

Oh fair as Hope the rainbow gleams
 The tempest's angry frown above,
But lovely as the Face of Love
 Yon revelation seems !

SONG.

TO-MORROW has trouble to lend
 To all who lack to-day ;
Go, borrow it — borrow, griefless heart,
 An thou with thy peace wilt pay !

To-morrow has trouble to lend,
 An endless, endless store ;
But I have as much as heart can hold —
 Why should I borrow more !

WHITE AZALEAS.

A ZALEAS—whitest of white!
White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light ;
When the light is like the snow,
White,
And the silence is like the light ;
Light, and silence, and snow,
All—white !

White ! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
A rose will hold,
The whitest rose, in its inmost fold ;
Not a possible blush ;
White as an embodied hush ;
A very rapture of white ;
A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white as the wonder undefiled
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise ;
Nay, white as the angel of a child
That looks into God's own eyes !

SUMMER-TIME.

SUMMER'S breath has kissed the lovely bloom
From the apple-trees :
Out of flower-cups, dripping with perfume,
Sip the honey-bees.

Where the vines are strung with roses red
Dart the humming-birds ;
Winds, like lovers, in the boughs o'erhead
Whisper tender words.

Clover-crested are the waves of grass
Where the little feet
Frolic, deep in coolness, as I pass
From the sunny street.

When at eve o'er field and fen and brake
Misty curtains fall,
Fire-flies, in their meteor dances, make
Nightly carnival.

SWEET-PEAS.

SWEET-PEAS ! Sweet-Peas !

The very sweetest of all sweet things !

Airily poised, like butterfly wings,
On the slender stem.

And now they brood in a still delight ;

And anon, as the light wind touches them,
They tremble and flutter, as feigning flight,
In coyness — not affright.

And lest they fly,

The tricksy Zephyr passes by
With a little moan of make-believe,

And pretends to die

Among the cherry-trees !

They only smile — they will not grieve,

The gay and shy

Sweet-Peas !

Sweet-Peas ! Sweet-Peas !

The very sweetest of all sweet things !

Perfect pink and perfect white ;

Exhaling a perfume so rare, so pure,
It ceaseth never to allure,
Nor faileth ever to satisfy ;

Like a breath of immortality,
Like a hint of youth unspent for aye ;
Of love — Ah, well-a-day !
Say, ye sweetest of all sweet things,
Sweet-Peas,
What are ye likest ? — what like ye ?
The dream of Beauty, the wonder that clings
To snowy-lidded Innocence —
These mystic nebulae
(Souls of flowers to be),
Lightly drifted hence,
And mingling straightway they became
Visible in pink and white,
In dainty-delicate forms like these,
And gat themselves a name ;
Dew-christened in laver of morning light,
“Sweet-Peas !”

Sweet-Peas ! Sweet-Peas !
Here is a handful for her to wear
Who is sweet like them, and more stately-fair.
Lie, nosegay of blushes, mid snows of lace,
And match the bloom of her maiden face
When cometh her own sweetheart to share
The posy modest and debonair,
Whose dear bestowal shall bring him ease
And sweet assurances,
Dispelling sweet anxieties,
Sweet-Peas !

And will ye have a sweetheart too,
Sweet-Peas, Sweet-Peas ?
Then here 's Zephyr come back to woo,
If you please !
Nay, but Zephyr is a flirt !
Make again your wingèd threat
Till in very truth he fret —
What 's the hurt ? —
And die among the cherry-trees
For love of you,
Sweet-Peas !

MIDSUMMER MORNING.

DAY rises veiled in amber mists
That swathe the hill and shroud the plain ;
And in the breathless air, unstirred,
The trees are dripping as with rain.

Like tents along the emerald sward
Pitched by the fairies of the night,
In the wet grass ephemeral webs
Are scattered, gleaming silver white.

Dew-drenched the flowers ; the heavy vines
Hang from the wall, or trail the ground ;
And lifeless seems the garden-place,
So lately filled with murmurous sound.

But slowly, slowly lifts the mist —
From heaven's blue face it curls away ;
And through the trembling, glistening leaves
The glorious sunbeams flame and play !

DAY-LILIES.

O SUMMER day,
Delay ! delay !
One waving of thy brooding wing,
One stirring of thy hazy wing,
 And noontide light and heat
Will find my dewy shadow-lair,
 And burn the coolness from the grasses
 That swathe my feet
 In rank and billowy masses ;
And to this claustral twilight bring
The sun's profanest glare.

O summer day,
Delay ! delay !
Let naked hill and bare brown field
 Parch in thy torrid ray,
So this dim nook be unrevealed,
 Where I,
Deliciously concealed,
 Among the lilies lie.
The delicate Day-lilies !
The white and wonderful lilies !
My dark green haunt so still is

The wildest birdling dare not sing,
Nor insect beat a gossamer wing,
Nor zephyr lift the lightest thing,
 Here, where the lustrous lilies,
 The clear, resplendent lilies,
Pour out their heavenly-sweet perfume,
 And with their snowiness,
In clusters chaste, illume
 This dusk recess.

Soft-footed Silence, royal nun !
 In this thy humid, emerald cell
 Forever dwell !
These flowers supernal ever shine,
Pure-flamed, before thy virgin shrine !
Here, one by one,
 Tell o'er thy glistering, coral beads,—
 A rosary strung on tangled weeds
 And blades and stems that intertwist.
The breath of lilies be thy prayers,
Sweet-odored, wafted unawares
Up through the morning's lucent airs
 And evening's pallid mist !
The glittering stars shall o'er thee pass,
Deep-pillowed in the heavy grass ;
These broad, smooth lily-leaves shall be
 A glossy coverlet for thee,
 Thy prayers and penance done,
 O royal nun !

By day or night,
In dark or light,
Thy fragrant shrine shall be the same ;
These slender tapers lambent still,
Nor blazing sun, nor mildew chill,
Shall quench their alabaster flame.

A gleam, as of a crystal wand !
And Day peers in with curious face ;
The jealous sunshine, stealing round,
Doth warily chase
The cool, dank shadows on the ground ;
The cloister-walls no longer stand ;
A garish glory fills the space,
And lights the lush grass, loose and long ;
And startled by the wild bird's song,
Soft-footed Silence flees apace ;
But still serene the lilies shine,
Pure-flamed, before her ruined shrine !

HELIOTROPE.

SWEETEST, sweetest Heliotrope !
In the sunset's dying splendor,
In the trance of twilight tender,
All my senses I surrender
To the subtle spells that bind me :
The dim air swimmeth in my sight
With visions vague of soft delight ;
Shadowy hands with endless chain
Of purple-clustered bloom enwind me ;
Garlands drenched in dreamy rain
Of perfume passionate as sorrow
And sad as Love's to-morrow !
Bewildering music fills mine ears —
Faint laughter and commingling tears —
Flowing like delicious pain
Through my drowsy brain.
Bosomed in the blissful gloom
Meseems I sink on slumberous slope
Buried deep in purple bloom,
Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope !

DAY-DREAMING.

HOW better am I
Than a butterfly ?

Here, as the noiseless hours go by,
Hour by hour,
I cling to my fancy's half-blown flower ;
Over its sweetness I brood and brood,
And scarcely stir though sounds intrude
That would trouble and fret another mood
Less divine
Than mine !

Who cares for the bees !
I will take my ease,
Dream and dream as long as I please ;
Hour by hour
With love-wings fanning my sweet, sweet flower !
Gather your honey and hoard your gold
Through spring and summer, and hive through
cold !
I will cling to my flower till it is mould,
Breathe one sigh
And die !

SONG.

THE wind blows out of the west,
The wind is merry and free ;
It brings fair weather for us, love,
Fair weather for thee and me.

The sun shines out of the east,
And dances over the sea ;
The world 's aglitter for us, love,
Aglitter for thee and me.

And now the world 's a-dusk,
The nest unstirred on the tree ;
The fair moon hangs at its full, love,
And shineth for thee and me.

INCOGNITA.

VEILED in verse, who knows
Whether I smile or weep ?
Slippered in fancies, who can tell
What measure of step I keep ?

Lift the veil, dear Love !
To thee I will show my face ;
Hark, and thine ear shall surely hear
My heart's inaudible pace !

JUNE SONGS.

I.

CAPRICE.

THE rose is dead in my Lady's bower ;
The love is dead in my Lady's heart !
The rose was only a summer flower,
Born to die in a summer hour —
To yield its life to the passionate shower
That tore its radiant leaves apart.

The rose-tree will blossom again, I know,
But what care I for to-morrow's flower ?
Some idle wind will capriciously blow ;
The rain's wild feet will trample it ; oh,
Pluck it who will ! for myself I go
And leave the rose in my Lady's bower !

II.

CONSTANCY.

I RIFLED a leaf from the heart of a rose : —
Believe ! believe !
Though love comes lightly, not lightly it goes ;

It steals through our veins and our youth's white
flower

Blossoms in crimson from that hour ;
Life of our life, it cannot deceive !
I love thee, I love thee, believe !

Oh, fancies are fitful as breezes that blow —

Believe ! believe !

They come to us lightly, more lightly they go ;
Diviner than duty, and stronger than will,
Love, the sweet mystery, rules me still ;
Tyranny tender, it cannot deceive ;
I love thee, I love thee, believe !

III.

PETITION.

ONLY the roses will hear ;

Dear,

Only the roses will see !

This once — just this !

Ah, the roses I wis

They envy me !

Here is a half-blown spray ;

Say

This shall Love's anadem be !

A rose-strung wreath

For thy brow, and beneath

A rose for me !

IV.

EXPECTANCY.

SUMMER, rain me a rain of rose-leaves ;
Only on rose-leaves she shall tread !
Summer, rain me a rain of rose-leaves
Over the banquet Love hath spread.

Never Orient feast so splendid,
Viands so costly, wines so rare ;
Never showers of bloom descended
Veiling a princess half so fair !

Summer, make her a couch of roses,
Pillows of rose-leaves lightly prest ;
Odors sweet when my Love reposes
Dreamily drifting round her rest !

Come, Belovèd, the feast awaits thee ;
Cruelly traitor moments flee !
Is it sorrow or joy belates thee ?
Heedest thou aught unshared by me !

Coming ! O rapture more than mortal !
Softly the gates of bliss unclose ;
Silence, guarding the sacred portal,
Wears in her breast the symbol rose !

QUEEN NATURE.

THIS is her palace azure-domed and fair
Where lavish Nature feasts the royal Year
And Cleopatra-like dissolves the pearls
Of winter in the amber cup of spring.

LOVE'S VISITATION.

WAS ever yet the world so fair !
The long, sweet day ! the tender night !
A fragrant thrill pervades the air —
Spring's ever newly waked delight.

It floods the azure realm above ;
It quickens all the sod below ;
It is the very soul of Love,
And song and bloom its overflow.

No living thing unconscious named
But knows the depth of this delight,
And filled with joy and unashamed
Leaves joy to fashion joy aright.

The bluebird's note is all his own ;
The thrush one matchless song repeats ;
And murmurs Love translates alone
Hint how the brooding dove-heart beats.

At eve the stars grow dim with dreams ;
At morn the wandering waysides blush ;
More sweet the brook's low babble seems,
Wed with the woodland's happy hush.

Beneath the sapphire-gleaming arch
Like mated swans the white clouds sail ;
And consciously yon lovely larch
Lets down her swaying vernal veil.

And picturing scenes where lance and spur
For Love their utmost valor spent,
Lo ! in the fields a golden stir —
The dandelions' tournament.

As on the wings of old romance
The pageant of the fields shall pass ;
Where now the golden flowers glance
Pale phantoms float across the grass.

But each returning Spring of time
Love — Love shall still be born anew ;
The spirit of an heavenly clime
Crown earth with bridal bloom and dew.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

NOT thus, O joyous child, repose
With crossed hands on thy baby breast;
Pathetic attitude of those
Who wake not, stir not from their rest !

With dimpled arm thy head surround,
Like as a bird with bonny wing;
Sure as a bird at morn to bound
From this thy nest and, birdlike, sing !

A VIGIL.

DARK shore, and desolate sky
 Unquicken'd by a star;
Sad sea where wandering sails are lost
 In night afar !

No human presence sweet,
 Nor other sound beside
Save that to silence near akin —
 The ebbing tide.

Only a lonely wreck
 High on the lonely beach,
Whose hopelessness defies at last
 The breaker's reach.

O Earth that keeps no watch,
 O Heaven that lights no star,
HE is who cares for every sail,
 Each broken spar !

THE CRICKETS.

PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe !
Pipe the warm noons ; the mellow harvest near ;
The apples dropping ripe ;

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade ;
The trill of lonely bird ;
The sweet sad hush on Nature's gladness laid ;
The sounds through silence heard !

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year ;
The summer's brief reprieve ;
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear ;
The chill of dawn and eve !

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year ;
Pipe low the painless pain ;
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer ;
The year is in the wane !

TO THE BLUE GENTIAN.

UNFOLD, O fairest Flower, and share
The benediction of this air
That softly floweth everywhere,
And blesseth most the things most fair !

Twice welcome flowers when flowers grow few ;
Thrice welcome, thou, of heavenly hue —
The rarest, tenderest shade of blue
That Earth's dear bosom ever knew !

The golden-rod resigns his plume,
And all frail beauty seeks a tomb,
Bequeathing thee more ample room
Wherein to set thy fairer bloom.

Unfold, thy gentle right to claim,
O Flower of softest tint and name !
Thy bashfulness delays like shame,
Yet lovelier makes thy lovely fame.

To exile only half resigned,
Her locks with violet-memories twined,
Departing Summer turns to find
How fair a thing she leaves behind.

And since the Summer henceward flies,
Thou, darling of these lonely skies,
The dearer art to human eyes,
Unfolding as a sweet surprise !

NOTHING TO DO.

A STRIP of snowiest linen
Half broidered and stamped in blue,
And the gleam of a threadless needle
Piercing the pattern through :
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her
Blossoms of every hue ;
Delicate, odorous roses —
The rarest that ever grew :
The vase stands ready while the sweet little lady
Sits wishing for something to do.

Half hid under flowers a volume
In daintiest gold and blue,
Just parted, as if it would open
At "The Miller's Daughter" for you :
The book lies ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,
And melodies old and new
Scattered in pretty disorder—
Songs of the false and the true:
The harp stands ready— still the sweet little lady
Sits longing for something to do.

A sudden wind-sweep and flutter—
The door wide open blew;
A step in the hall, and swiftly,
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew:
Blushing, already the sweet little lady
Forgets she has nothing to do!

THE COAT.

MERCURIUS wove a coat
Of the finest thread of wit;
"Wear it," he said to his jesting friends,
"You whom the coat may fit."

Now he to whose lot it fell
Sore envied all the rest,
For strange to say it gave the least ease
To him whom it fitted best.

IN AUTUMN.

THE cool, bright days,
The calm, bright days,
With their liberal-hearted noons !
The clear, still nights,
The restful nights,
With their greatening harvest-moons ;
And the ghostly rustle of withered corn
Plucked of its ivory ears and shorn
Of the floating fringes that tossed and swayed
When the ripening summer zephyr played
Through the ranks that shone in the summer
morn —
The beautiful corn !

The golden days ! the golden days !
Warm with sunshine and dreamy with haze ;
Warm with the sunshine and cool with the breeze !
Like troops of tropical butterflies
Clouds of leaves from the gorgeous trees
Flutter and fall,
And cover the earth with splendid dyes
Matching the marvels of sunset skies.

Swell beyond swell the hills uplift —
 The hills serene ;
Slope beyond slope they ebb away
Into the distance azure-gray ;
 And over them all,
Through veils of amethyst vaguely seen
Magical lights incessantly shift,
Moved by the wonder hands of Day —
 Over the hills serene !

No ripple breaks
 The lucid lakes
Up from whose margins the gay banks climb —
 Into whose deeps the shadows descend
Like sunken gardens in their prime,
 Whose softly-pictured terraces end
In emerald grottos where Naiads dream
 While the unstirred rushes over them stream.
From the woodbine draping the cottage thatch
 The wandering winds as they pass,
Tenderly, one by one, detach
 Leaves of crimson that flame in the sun :
 One by one,
Slowly downward they waver, and twirl,
 And alight on the trampled grass.
Day by day the vine-leaves curl
 Revealing the heavily hanging grapes
In tempting clusters of rarest shapes,
 That out of the heart of summer grew ;

Dusky-purple and amber-white,
 Warmed in the nooning and cooled in the night,
 Mingled of honey, and sunlight, and dew.
 The breeze through the orchard-alley sweeps,
 And russet-brown leaves in dusty heaps
 Eddy and whirl ;
 And russet-brown apples, and rosy-cheeked,
 Fall from the ruddy half-rifled bough,
 Strewing the grassy patch
 With its footpath trail below,
 Where the bare-headed, sunburnt farmer's girl
 Gathers the fairest and leaves the rest
 For the gold-brown bee in his honey quest,
 And the zealous ants that busily swarm
 Over the bruises mellow and warm ;
 While chicks full feathered and yellow-beaked
 Roam in the sunshine and leisurely scratch
 For the helpless worm withdrawing its coil
 Lazily into the loosened soil.

Streaming in at the wide barn door
 Warm lies the sun on the well-worn floor
 Scattered with wisps of straw and grain
 From the generous wain.
 Heaped high as the rafters the sweet-smelling hay
 O'erhangs the bursting loft,
 And a breath from the orchard croft
 Stirs the loosened spears, and they drop away
 Noiselessly-soft !

The mellow days! the mellow days!
The brown seed ripens and bursts the pod;

The brown seed ripens, the stem decays,
The black root rotting under the sod.
The lattice o'er-straggled by faded vines

Leans to its fall,

And here and there by the garden wall
And beside the late-neglected walks,
Amid blackened weeds and mouldering stalks
Where the fly in his mail of emerald shines,

Flowers of garish beauty bloom

Like torches that flare at the mouth of a tomb.
Phantom of summer, silver fair,
Peacefully restless through the air
With the unseen currents that softly flow
Drifts the thistle-down to and fro.

The yellow days! the yellow days!
Fields of stubble and naked ways!

The year's last gold
On the uttermost bough
Flutters mournfully now!

The sumach that burned like the bush of old
Is almost stripped of its fire;
And trampled out by the rains that beat
The sodden paths with their million feet
The last bright hues expire!

THE BELL IN THE TOWER.

I HEAR the bell in the high church-tower
Striking the hour;
The hushed Night hearkens like one who stands
In sudden awe with uplifted hands.

A Spirit up in the tower doth dwell,
And when the bell
Peals out the hours with a measured chime,
I hear him turning the sands of time.

He says: "Life dieth with every breath;"
Whispers of death:
"It is the fall of the flower of earth;
The promise-seed of immortal birth."

He speaks to the striving world below:
"Why do ye so?
Will all the treasure that hand can hold
Buy sweeter sleep in the churchyard mould?

"Behold one God over great and small
Judgeth ye all;
Ask Him for grace in the morning light,
And pray for pardon and peace at night."

Oh, while I listen my whole soul bows,
Paying her vows,
And folly fleeth with sinful fear
As those clear bell-strokes fall on my ear.

For not more solemn the holy chimes
In other times
That help the faithful to pray aright,
And put the spirits of air to flight.

And ever, ever would I be near
Daily to hear,
Daily and nightly, in work or rest,
The voice that pierces and soothes my breast.

THE FEAST-TIME OF THE YEAR.

THIS is the feast-time of the year
When hearts grow warm and home more
dear ;
When Autumn's crimson torch expires
To flash again in winter fires ;
And they who tracked October's flight
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmèd circle sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze.

This is the feast-time of the year
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share ;
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil yet toil to please.

This is the feast-time of the year :
The blessed Advent draweth near.

Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Against the time when rich and poor
Must ope for Him a common door,
Who comes a Guest yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

GOOD-BY.

BID me Good-By! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim;
Nor yet can any language, any nation
A sweeter frame.

It is not final; it forebodes no sorrow
As some declare
Who born to fretting are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

“Good-by” is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere;
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

“Good-by!” Yes, “God be with you;” prayer
and blessing
In simplest phrase;
Alike our need and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me Good-By!

BRIDE AND SAINT.

THEY should be silver bells that ring,
 Lovely one, for thy wedding ;
 Silver bells the bells should be
 That ring for thee.

They should be bells of purest gold,
Sweet saint, for thy passing tolled ;
 Golden bells the bells should be
 That toll for thee.

ROSE AND THORN.

I HEARD Philosophy sigh,
"No rose is without its thorn;"
And Faith made sweet reply,
"Of thorns are the roses born!"

CRADLE SONGS.

(WRITTEN FOR MRS. H. E. H.)

I.

SLEEP, sweetest babe, and dream
In the red firelight's gleam ;
The storm clouds fill the sky.
Thou canst not dream of harm,
Soothed by the mother-charm,
A tender lullaby.

Sleep ! Though the wild wind blows
And drifts the blinding snows,
All feathery soft they lie.
The rhythm of the sleet
Reaches thy hushed retreat,
A gentle lullaby.

Close to thy mother's side
Sleep, warm and satisfied.
How sweet thy baby sigh !
Dear dove ! the storm is o'er ;
The waves lisp on the shore
A ceaseless lullaby.

Sleep ! Earth no more is drear
Since that sweet Babe was here
Whose angels thronged the sky.
Sleep ! Only mothers know
That night of long ago
When Mary, bending low,
Sang Jesu's lullaby.

II.

SLEEP, little sunny head !
The morning hours have sped ;
The noonday sun climbs high.
The Summer breezes sweet
Winnow the waving wheat,
A murmuring lullaby.

Sleep, little cradled head !
Sleep in thy wee white bed
While mother watches nigh.
The rustling Summer rain
Whispers a soft refrain,
A soothing lullaby.

Sleep ! Wake and sleep again !
No longer croons the rain ;
The sun drops down the sky.
Sleep, sleep, and sleeping hear
The angels fluting near —
Celestial lullaby.

Sleep, nested like a dove,
Babe on the breast of love !

The mild moon rideth high ;
The whole world sleeps but one
Whose watch is never done,
Whose waking heart sings on
Love's endless lullaby.

A HARVEST HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMESBURY AND SALISBURY
AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, SEPT. 17, 1860.

O HAPPY day returned once more
With golden plenty still replete;
As though she never gave before
Earth pours her treasures at our feet.

And ne'er did ruddier fruit fulfil
The rosy prophecies of May;
Ne'er did the rugged lands we till
Yield sweeter corn or flowers more gay.

Not one among the many here
Who prune the tree or plough the soil,
But has some share in Nature's cheer,
Some liberal recompense for toil.

Yet none his choicest stores may boast
Of flowers or fruit or garnered grain,
For labor of his hands were lost
Unblest by heaven's refreshing rain.

Oh thanks to God whose love abides
And scatters bounties everywhere ;
Who in the heart of Nature hides
The germ of His unfailing care !

More rich than Autumn's robe of leaves
Should be the garments of our praise,
And ampler than her ample sheaves
The charities that crown our days.

More fragrant than the meadow's breath
The incense of our souls should rise
From life's rude altars wreathed by Faith
With borrowed bloom from Paradise.

Oh, clearly then could we behold
In flowers that fade and fruits that fall
Sweet hints which earthly gifts infold
Of treasure stored in Heaven for all.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1865.

REST, rest for him whose noble work is done ;
For him who led us gently unaware
Till we were readier to do and dare
For Freedom, and her hundred fields were won.

His march is ended where his march began :
More sweet his sleep for toil and sacrifice
And that rare wisdom whose beginning lies
In fear of God and charity for man :

And sweetest for the tender faith that grew
More strong in trial, and through doubt more
clear,
Seeing in clouds and darkness One appear
In whose dread name the Nation's sword he drew.

Rest, rest for him ; and rest for us to-day
Whose sorrow shook the land from east to west
When slain by Treason, on the Nation's breast
Her martyr breathed his steadfast soul away.

O fervent heart ! O cool and patient head !
O shoulders broad to bear all others' blame !
Mercy disguised herself beneath his name,
And Justice through his lips like Pity plead.

His truth could snare the wiliest of the earth ;
His wit outweigh the ponderous debate ;
By sneers unvexed, in triumph unelate,
He stood our chief in place, our chief in worth.

Behold, O kingdoms of the world, behold,
O mighty powers beyond the swelling wave,
How fast as rain on his untitled grave
The tears of millions mingle with the mould !

Such love a prince might crave, such homage seek ;
The people's love that clothed him like a king,
The grateful trust those hands were swift to bring
Whose broken fetters of deliverance speak.

Four years ago unknown — to-day how dear !
Four years that tried him with a century's strain,
While Treason led his wretched hosts in vain
And turned Assassin when his doom was near.

Four little years whose space a thought may span ;
A niche in Time's vast hall where he doth stand,
To win applause in every age and land,
"The noblest work of God — an HONEST MAN."

WOMAN.

1862.

AS though no shade of human wrong fell darkly
on their beauty,
And all men walked in brotherhood the shining
ways of duty,
The blessed summer days glide by in calm and
sweet succession ;
God writes on Nature's palace-walls no curse
against oppression.

The strong man arms him for the fight ; he hears
the bugle calling ;
And while between the patriot-shouts her tears
have time for falling,
Pale woman plies the threaded steel nor shapes
her lips to singing,
But still with every stitch she draws the pearls of
prayer is stringing.

She thinks of those whose wounds are fresh ; of
those in death-sleep lying,
Whose brows of youth and manhood won their
brightest crowns in dying ;

She thinks of others brave and true hid in the
smoke of battle,
Where bayonets gleam and cannon roar and
bullets hiss and rattle.

She shudders while the words of fate along the
wires are chasing,
Or trembling waits the hurried line some comrade
may be tracing ;
Her heart grows faint ; she lifts her hands in an-
guished imploration :
“ God save my soldier ! ” first she prays, and then,
“ God save the nation ! ”

And when she moans, “ The very thought of loss
doth overcome me ! ”
Crying, “ If it be possible, oh let this cup pass
from me ! ”
God chides her not if, choked with sobs, she adds
to her petition
But brokenly Christ’s after-words of meekness and
submission.

He saw her pale with victory in the dark hour of
trial,
When Self lay slain, and sorrowing Love was
fettered with denial ;

And the Divine One who alone can clearly read
the human,
Traces the Hero's autograph though tear-blots of
the Woman.

SONNETS.

INSCRIBED

TO J. W. AND C. H.

I.

SHUT in by clustering roofs and clustering trees,
Though not far off our blue bright river pours
Its full swift volume 'twixt the gracious shores,
How do I long on golden days like these
For the wide vision of the crested seas
Where the fleet swallow circles, dips, and soars ;
Where flash the gull's white wings, the fisher's
oars,
And sails that shift and darken in the breeze !
Where the white surf along the glistening beach,
And on the black rocks streaming from the spray,
Tosses incessant far as eye can reach,
And ceaseless murmurs most melodious pour,
Swelling anon, anon to die away,
While the sweet pines make answer evermore.

II.

THREE stands your cottage, peeping from the wood
And facing all the splendors of the sea,
On that dear spot where I to-day would be ;
Above, below, azure of sky and flood ;

Boundless seclusion, boundless solitude ;
And in the midst what social feast for me
To choice of speech or silence bidden free,
While winds and waves rock every varying mood !
Through doors and windows wide, through all the
house,

What breeze-blown odors sweep of spice and balm,
Hemlock and pine, cedar and wilding rose,
And miles away the scent of meadow mows !
Exhaustless sweetness ; inexpressible calm ;
The lapsing water murmuring, Repose !

A WOODLAND HOUR.

THE stillness of the year in sweet decline !
(Precious of all things silence in its turn !)
'T is like the loving rest for which we yearn
When summer hopes no longer bloom and shine.
In the soft shadow of this changeless pine
The maple boughs have almost ceased to burn.
How brown the brake ! yet this so delicate fern
Is at its greenest. Feathery fair and fine
It waves and floats these mossy trunks between —
These trunks that veil the axeman's cruel scars ;
(There are some lives that no misfortune mars !)
Sweet day ! Against yon background dusky green
That slender birch in the fair distance seen
Shows like a twinkling cloud of yellow stars.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

JOINED each to each for better or for worse,
How have their fifty years of wedlock fled ;
Time's shadows turned to silver on each head
That now we crown with laurel-wreath of verse !
Not for good deeds that loud tongues might
rehearse
And trumpet east and west for men's acclaim —
Those deeds of love too numberless to name
That all these years in silenceness immerse ;
Nay, not for anything possessed or done
We crown them with the honor doubly due,
But in our grateful joy, because the Hand
Which wrought the mystery of twain made one,
Upon this Golden Feast shows forth anew
How fair that state may be, in Eden planned.

“SAVE THAT THERE MAY BE ONE
LOVE-GARNERING BREAST.”

SAVE that there may be one love-garnering
breast

Will hold us unforgotten when we die,
From all the paths that most familiar lie
We shall be missed but few brief days at best.
Noteless as noiseless pass we to our rest ;
Slip from the ear and tongue as from the eye.
Earth knows no break, no change to signify
Absence or loss ; and Time and Nature, lest
In our behalf remonstrant they appear,
Make stealthy haste to blur and cover o'er
The stone's laborious lettering before
The yielding mound that settles year by year
Is levelled, and the place — our last place here —
That knew us once knows us indeed no more.

PROPHECY.

THE glittering darkness of the perfect night
An hour before the break of perfect morn,
When from her slowly-lessening, beauteous horn
The brilliant moon pours forth a splendid light:
So glows the radiance of inspired sight,
Steadfast, serene, by weariness unworn
And clear of every human doubt forlorn,
Keeping Faith's vigil on imperial height —
While sleeps the world below, unconscious, prone,
Drunken with things of self and slothful time —
Until Fulfilment's flood, like morning's prime,
Through wondrous gates of Promise widely thrown
Rolls in majestic from zone to zone
And merges Prophecy in Light sublime.

“HE OPENED NOT HIS MOUTH.”

EACH counts his lot most grievous ; his distress
Sorer than other's ; each is prone to harp
Upon his many trials (though he carp
At his poor neighbor's fretting none the less) ;
For all his wrongs there seemeth small redress ;
No other's ills were ever quite so sharp ;
Misfortunes all his plans do thwart and warp ;
No loss his loss can match ; no sorrows press
Like his ! Ah ! eighteen hundred years ago
The pangs and penalties of all mankind
Through all the groaning centuries behind
And all the wrestling centuries to come
One Man endured, bound thrice ten years with woe,
Yet from the Manger to the Cross was dumb !

PART III.

To my God-children,

JEANNETTE FRANCES

AND

CHARLES EMERSON.

A LITTLE LESSON.

LOOK up, dear child, to the happy stars
That glitter in heavenly spaces;
No discord their lovely order mars,
None covet their neighbors' places;
Yet some flash out on the wide, dark night,
And some just shimmer with faint, sweet light.

It matters little so each but shine
With all the strength it can gather;
The gleam of the least is a gift divine,
Not mighty but precious rather;
No star its fellow-stars envies or shames,
And the dear Lord calleth them all by their names.

FOUR.

FOUR in one home and each its chiefest
blessing,
Each the darling centre of fondness and
delight;

Four in one heart and each the whole possessing;
Mystery of love, love only reads aright!

Each little head enhaloed with affection;
Each little face the sweetest when it smiles;
Each claiming first and tenderest protection;
Each as the others comforts and beguiles.

Grouped round his knees or to his shoulders
clinging,
Nestling in his arms or climbing up his chair,
Brimming o'er with laughter, dancing, leaping,
singing,
Thus the happy father names his darlings fair:

Sallie is "my daughter" (my boundless pride and pleasure) ;

Kittie is "my child" (my offspring and my crown) ;

Louie is "my girl" (my sweetest one, my treasure) ;

Ethel is "my baby" (the love that love weighs down).

Four in one home and each its chiefest blessing ;

Each the precious centre of the household sphere ;

Four in one heart and each the whole possessing ;

Mystery of love that love alone makes clear !

LOVE FOR LOVE.

O H the old moon will rise not yet;
'T is a weary, weary old moon
And late, late up ; but we will not fret,
The new moon will shine for us soon.

And "where is the new moon," pet ?
"And where does the old moon go ?"
They never are parted, they never met,
But each from the other they grow.

In her bosom the old moon yet
The new moon shelters and warms,
And the fair young moon — she will not forget
But rise with the old in her arms !

THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA.

ALMOST time for the ball of the last summer
night,

Said a fairy, crimping her hair,
And my elfin wardrobe is in such a plight
I really have nothing to wear;
I really am quite in despair!

My buttercup satin is far from new
And I do not like the tint;
I have worn it twice already, too,
And to wear it again would hint
That I must needs pinch and stint.

I wish that my wind-flower dress were fresh;
How pretty that used to be!
So dainty a color; so dainty a mesh;
And vastly well suited to me,
With pearls from the spray of the sea!

My brier-rose silk is slightly defaced
And I could not match it at all,
For the season is past; it needs a new waist;
I might wear my gossamer shawl,
The weather is so like the fall.

And this reminds me I surely must get
A new fringed gentian this year,
And a hoar-frost point — so costly ! Yet
I really must have it, 't is clear ;
Yes, let it be never so dear !

Oh there is my water-lily gown
Imported from Slumber Bay,
With the golden tassels all up and down ;
But that will be soon *passée* ;
I think I will lay it away.

My violet — violet 's quite gone out ;
It will rage I 've no doubt next year.
Oh what shall I get ! and now that the drought
Has made fairy fabrics so dear !
Well, I must not dawdle here.

My thistle-down phaeton stands at the gate
And I must go out for a drive ;
I would go to shop if it were not late ;
Bless me ! 't is almost five
By the four-o'clock, as I 'm alive !

I have it — I have it ! regardless of cost
I will send to the Silver Cascade
For a gown of that rainbow — pure sun-spinning,
crossed
With the choicest colors made,
And warranted never to fade !

I will fringe it with mist! What an exquisite
dress!

Most magical thing in air!
And here comes the Humming Bird Fairy Express;
I will hail it and speak it fair,
For I must have something to wear.

THE STUFFED BIRD.

OUT through the window you wish it would fly
And then come back to you by and by ;
Ruffle its feathers and flutter its wings,
And sing such a song as the bobolink sings ?
Its plumage is splendid, and yet you are tired
Of the treasure at first so greatly admired,
Perched motionless, though with a semblance of
flight,
On the self-same twig from morning till night ?

And birds are so restless, so eager, so wise,
So rapid the glance of their bright little eyes !
How they tremble, and quiver, and flutter, and
dart,
As if they were nothing but wings and a heart !
Why, verily, if it were left me to choose,
This tropical beauty I'd willingly lose
If suddenly, swiftly, one rapturous thrill
This bright little throat with a song-burst would
fill,

And these glad wings all quickened and eager for
flight

Would flash through the window and soar out of
sight.

I think not a sigh from my dearie or me
Would wish back the captive that *life* had set free.

'T is the absence of life where life has once stirred
That makes this poor bird so unlike a bird
That even its splendor, a weariness grown,
Enchants us no longer with charms of its own.
So lifeless it is that one must needs strive
To so much as believe it was ever alive.

Ah, see what a contrast! — look, dearie, and see
That little brown bird in the evergreen tree,
With no beauty to boast of, and one little note
Like a musical throb in its live little throat!
Incessant it flits through the branches, and now
Darts outward and up to the loftiest bough
In the joy of mere being to carol and swing!
Why, that is a *creature*, but this is a *thing*!

THE BABY I LOVE.

THIS is the baby I love !
The baby that cannot talk ;

The baby that cannot walk ;

The baby that just begins to creep ;

The baby that's cuddled and rocked to sleep ;

Oh, this is the baby I love !

This is the baby I love !

The baby that's never cross ;

The baby papa can toss ;

The baby that crows when held aloft ;

The baby that's rosy and round and soft !

Oh, this is the baby I love !

This is the baby I love !

The baby that laughs when I peep
To see is it still asleep ;

The baby that coos and frowns and blinks
When left alone — as it sometimes *thinks* ;

Oh, this is the baby I love !

This is the baby I love !
The baby that lies on my knee
And dimples and smiles at me
While I strip it, and bathe it, and kiss it — oh ! —
Till with bathing and kissing 't is all aglow ;
Yes, this is the baby I love !

This is the baby I love !
The baby all freshly dressed ;
That waking is never at rest ;
That plucks at my collar and pulls my hair
Till I look like a witch, but I do not care ;
Oh, this is the baby I love !

This is the baby I love !
The baby that understands ;
And dances with feet and hands
And a sweet little whinnying eager cry
For the nice warm breakfast that waits it close by ;
Oh, this is the baby I love !

This is the baby I love !
The baby that tries to talk ;
The baby that longs to walk ;
And oh ! its mamma will wake some day
To find that her baby has — *run away !*
My baby — the baby I love !

HER OWN LITTLE ROOM.

HERE is my own little room ;
Fair as a lily in bloom —
That is what mother dear said.
Just see how lovely it looks !
Here are my desk and books,
Here is my own little bed.

This is my sewing-chair ;
That is my work-box there,
Everything I shall use ;
Thimble and scissors and thread,
Stocking-ball — darning I dread ! —
Emery, needles to choose.

Soon as I learned to sew,
Mend my own linen, you know,
Take all the care for my own,
Dusting and making my bed,
Mother always has said,
“ Sister shall room all alone.”

Not that the children may
Not be allowed here to play
 Sometimes when they are good ;
But when I 'm reading, you know,
Romping and shouting they go ;
 Then I want solitude.

Here I shall often sit,
(Mother can read and knit !)
 Resting my book on this shelf.
Here my birdie will swing
Right overhead, the dear thing,
 Singing away to himself.

Pictures ? O yes, I forget !
This is "S. Margaret," —
 None of them costly, but *dear* —
This is "Aurora" and this —
This is "The Playmate's Kiss,"
 And "Jesus and Mary" here.

Here in the winter time
I shall have ivies to climb ;
 And my Hermosa rose,
All through the winter in bloom,
How it will brighten my room !
 I shall forget that it snows.

This pretty student-lamp 's mine ;
I may sit up until nine,
But I shall join mother dear
Till I come up for the night,
So I my candle shall light
Unless she sits with me here.

Sometimes my friends will come in ;
Very soon I shall begin
Asking them duly to come.
Here I mean to "receive ;"
Oh, you may laugh, but believe !
For this is my home *in* my home !

“VIVE LA REINE.”

WITH the robin for poet-laureate,
And the mayflowers for her train,
And her innocence for her robe of state,
The baby began her reign.

The pretty head with its curly crown
Knows nothing of royal woes ;
For love is softer than eider-down,
And yieldeth her sweet repose.

There are loyal and loving hearts alone
In the wee one's fair domain ;
And they make the robin's song their own,
For he singeth, “Vive la Reine !”

THE FAIRY TAPER.

ABOVE me all the stars of night
Thick clustering make the darkness bright;
And in the darkling grass below
Shines out with swift, responsive glow
A tiny, steadfast, lucid ray,
Anon as swiftly dies away.
Again it comes; again it goes;
And still with equal lustre glows.
Now I bethink me 't is the light
Of some sweet fairy of the night;
A taper-flame of emerald hue
Put out by silver showers of dew!
But oh the invisible hands that bear
The fairy candlestick in air,—
To see them strike the fairy light
And lift the flame in mortal sight,
To guide her hastening lover true
The forest of the grasses through!

Fall faster yet an fall you must,
Small dew that lays the fairy dust!
Oft as you quench her lovely light
This little lady of the night

Will still renew the gem-like flame
That hour by hour will burn the same ;
While lover fond and lady true
Defy the darkness and the dew !

“Who told you ?” (whispered in my ear.)
A little Glow-worm told me, dear !

KNITTING SONG.

STITCH by stitch and row on row,
This is the way the stocking must grow.
Clickety, clickety, day by day
The slender, glittering needles say.
Hush-a-bye, Baby, Grandmother sings ;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Pearl and plain and plain and pearl,
Be it for boy or be it for girl ;
Two and two is a neat device ;
Learn to shift the thread in a trice.
Hush-a-bye, Baby, Grandmother sings ;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Inch by inch the long leg grows,
Straight and narrow for fitting close ;
A very poor leg, is the saying well known,
That cannot shape a sock of its own.
Hush-a-bye, Baby, Grandmother sings ;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Count the stitches and halve them now,
And one half set in a single row,
And back and forth outside and in
Knit the heel on the single pin.

Hush-a-bye, Baby, Grandmother sings ;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Knit it long and narrow midway
To round it ; and bind it off, as we say ;
Take up the loops on either side
And add a few more to make it wide.

Hush-a-bye, Baby, Grandmother sings ;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Now each side narrow or slip and bind,
To shape the instep, as you will find ;
Then knit straight on till you near the toe ;
This is the way the foot must grow.

Hush-a-bye, Baby, Grandmother sings ;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Then narrow once more and narrow away,
Toeing it off, as knitters say.
There is a stocking fit for an heir !
Now knit the mate for he must have a pair !

Hush-a-bye, Baby ; when you are grown
Your feet may be worthy to climb to a throne !

THE KING'S SURVEYOR.

COME, little one, this is "our time," you know ;
Too late to read and too late to sew,
Yet too early the evening lamp to light, —
It is not day and it is not night.

The fresh stick crackles and blazes and sings,
And the shadows wave round us like dusky wings ;
On the ivory key-board flame-fingers play, —
It is not night and it is not day.

While you perch on my knee in the twilight time,
I tell you the tale — I chant you the rhyme :
Now here is a story you have not heard, —
It is true ; I give it you word for word.

Once on a time in this quaint old town
Whose brown roofs are slow to tumble down,
While turrets and spires are slower yet
To fill their places and banish regret, —

Once on a time in the neighborhood fair
Of the stateliest mansion in Haymarket Square,
On the rocks where a church has since been reared,
The shanty of Shepherd Ham appeared.

The King's Surveyor once was he ;
In the forest on many a noble tree,
Ere the Red Coats the conquering Colonists met,
The royal arrow he loftily set.

But when he could serve his King no more,
And his silver lace was a thing of yore,
He opened a stable — the proud old Tory —
And fed his pride on his former glory.

Now close was he as the bark to the tree,
And the older he grew the worse grew he ;
The rickety coach and the unshod brute
Soon brought his stalls into disrepute.

One by one and day by day
Shepherd's patrons fell away ;
But his lank-ribbed horses, as odd as himself,
He would not part with for love or pelf.

A queer old man he was indeed !
In the Portsmouth "Rambles" you may read
How he dwelt for years in his hut alone,
Old saddles and trappings round him strewn ;

Old sleighs, old coaches, old chaises beside,
Wherein even ghosts would not risk them to ride ;
And around his shanty far and near
Wheels and axles and useless gear.

William his name ; yet low and high
Called him " Shepherd," — I know not why,
Unless it may be he was wont to keep
His flock of horses as shepherds their sheep.

His long beard sweeping the faded vest
Carelessly buttoned across his breast,
In his clumsy boots and corduroys,
Teased and courted by all the boys,

The old man went on his daily rounds,
Rich in importance though poor in pounds,
Feeling old honors about him cling,
And praying persistently, " God save the King ! "

Under and over him horse-skins spread,
The old man slept on his comfortless bed,
Unvexed by the raid of rats in his den
So his worm-eaten treasures were safe from men.

The moth and the mouse they lacked no food,
But well-nigh deserted his stables stood,
For the crib was empty, the rack was bare,
And the beast would starve that waited there.

So up and down, up and down,
Shepherd's horses roamed the town,
From morn till noon and from noon till night,
Pausing wherever they found a bite.

Yet a kindly care old Shepherd showed
For the creatures he pastured on the road ;
In gathering storms he sought his flock
From Frenchman's Lane to Puddle Dock.

As he drove his shaggy herd before
From Wibird's Hill to Christian Shore,
Merrily would the town's folk say :
“The careful *Shepherd* is coming this way !”

Now the boys — well, boys will be boys, you know ;
And sixty or seventy years ago
They were ripe for mischief and ready for play
As the rogues who run from the rod to-day.

And if one of those lads, overflowing with fun,
In Broad Street, or Jaffrey, or Islington,
Spied one of those horses of Shepherd Ham,
How could he leave him to browse like a lamb !

Some little trick with the burr-tangled tail
Switching the poor beast's flanks like a flail ;
No evil he meant, but all he could do
He could not help playing a prank or two.

One morning, while slumber seemed yet to drown
The first faint hum of the drowsy town,
And Nature herself in her mist-spun cap
Indulged in an innocent morning nap,

Some workmen, beguiling their early walk
With simple, cheery, jovial talk,
Went up Church Hill where St. John's doth stand
Looking out o'er the water and in o'er the land.

They had wrought on the belfry long days before,
And were come to take up their toil once more,
And the staging whereby they reached that height
They lifted at morning and lowered at night.

Midway up the hillside a boisterous shout
From the trio of honest throats rang out,
For lo ! the staging swung high in air,
And—"What in the world is *that* up there!"

Surely it is — but can it be ? —
An old *horse* gazing out to sea ;
With sleepy eyes and listless ears,
As if he had gazed and gazed for years !

Did he follow some dim receding sail ?
It is not recorded in the tale ;
But I 'll venture to add the workmen swore
No horse ever stood so near heaven before.

When the village had fairly opened its eyes,
Fancy the merriment and surprise
That followed its wake as the story flew round
How the ancient horse on the staging was found !

But at noon when the urchins broke from school,
And tossing their caps snapped their fingers at rule,
Of all the bright eyes in the crowd not one
Betrayed the author of last night's fun !

“IF YOU WERE A BEE.”

IF you were a bee, if you were a bee,
What flower would you love best?
If you were a bird, a blithe little bird,
Where would you build your nest?

The heart of a rose and the hawthorn close,
Are these the places you 'd seek?
But Mother's warm breast is Baby's dear nest,
Baby's sweet rose is her cheek.

When blossoms turn pale and honey-cups fail
And nests grow cold with the year,
More warm grows the breast, and the cheek you
have prest
Dearer and yet more dear.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

ALL that you ask is one kiss, Petite ;
Just one wee kiss, and no more ?
Did ever a beggar half so sweet
Stand begging at any door
For so foolish a thing before !

Kiss you once and you 'll go away ?
But I know better than this ;
If I kiss you once you are sure to stay,
And there the mischief is
In giving you one wee kiss.

Once in my arms and you cannot go,
Sweet beggar turned captive sweet !
For I shall kiss you and kiss you so
That you will begin to entreat,
"Please put me down on my feet !"

You are not afraid ? Then come, my Pet !
Away with my book and my pen !
Here goes ! — Enough ? Not yet, not yet !
There ! — give me back kisses ten,
And then — come a-begging again !

WE DO NOT KNOW.

DEAR child, dear child, we do not know
Why sorrows come and pleasures go,
Why oft we fail when most we try,
But God knows why
And we shall all know by and by.

We do not know, we cannot tell,
But oh the Father knoweth well
Why one is rich and one is fair,
One sick with care,
And this world's poor are everywhere.

We walk in darkness but He sees
And shows us gently by degrees
And step by step the hidden way,
If we but pray,
“Lord, make me follow Thee alway.”

We must be patient till the end
And leave to Him the way we wend ;
For never here our eyes can see
The plan that He
In mercy plans for you and me.

Our best is ill, our worst perhaps
His pity counts a lesser lapse ;
But every sin is very black
 And turns us back
From duty's straight and shining track.

Sweet is the fear that will not dare
Forget His law or spurn His care,
And sweeter still the love that saith
 With every breath,
“Lord, make me faithful unto death.”

IN THE DARK.

I KNOW it is dark, my darling,
And fearful the darkness seems,
But shut your eyes ! in a moment
The night will be bright with dreams ;
Or better, you 'll sleep so sound all night
It will *seem* but a moment till morning light.

There is only one kind of darkness
That need to trouble us, dear ;
Only the night of temptation,
And then we must all of us fear,
But even then if we are but brave
There is One who is ever at hand to save.

We have only to ask Him to help us,
And He will shield us from harm ;
Only to whisper, "Jesus ;"
His Name is a holy charm ;
"Jesus, save me," we need but say
And the night of temptation will flee away.

“ How can He be always near us,
Near all of us, everywhere ? ”
Ah, that is beyond our knowing,
But there is no bound to His care ;
And dear as the whole big world in His sight
Is the little child He bids Good-night.

TO MY GODSON, C. E. H.

(Sexagesima, 1886.)

A YEAR ago I received you, dear child,
From the waters of Baptism ; on your brow
The sign of the Kingdom undefiled, —
The sign that the angels see there now.

It was then that the bond between us was made —
Godson and godmother, you and I ;
When the precious burden on me was laid
That you will lift from me by and by.

Yes, that was only a year ago
By the Church's reckoning, little one ;
One of these days my boy will know
What godmother means and what godson.

I almost trembled to take you that day,
Half lost in the long, fair robes that you wore ;
How tiny you looked, and how helpless you lay,
While your downy head in my palm I upbore.

But already, my boy, you are running about
On those adventurous little feet,
Midst the circle of sisters who laugh and shout
At your baby frolics and lispings sweet.

The mirth that is masked in a rueful look
How swiftly you answer with gleeful eyes !
How you fling down the bauble and seize the book,
Discerning without discerning the prize !

Yesterday's favors you claim to-day ;
And oh, with what artless stratagem,
Eluding all tactics, you make your way,
O'ermatching the wit that your progress would
hem.

But already, too, you are learning, I know,
The tender restraint, the loving control
Of the sweetest home in the world ; and oh,
The blessing henceforward to body and soul !

My dear little godson, my beautiful boy,
On this, the day of your mystical birth,
I will not give you a fragile toy —
I cannot give you a gift of worth.

So I clasp you close to my heart, and pray
That the sign the angels see there now,
God's priceless gift to you, day by day
Brighter and brighter may burn on your brow.

Brighter and brighter, as year by year
You are taught to follow His blessed will,
Kept in his steadfast love and fear,
Fighting and overcoming still.

Brighter and brighter, as boyhood speeds,
And youth and manhood pass away,
And the shining path of obedience leads
On to the light of the perfect day.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

CHILDREN dear, I heard ye say :
“ Morrows, haste and haste away ;
Bring the merry Christmas Day !

“ Blithe Carol, sweetest Chime,
Hearts that dance to peal and rhyme,
Welcome in the happy time !

“ Starry Tree, shine out anew,
Glittering as with golden dew,
Gay with fruits of every hue !”

This is what ye said, I trow :
Little children, hearken now
Ere ye pluck the freighted bough ;

Ponder what the Carols mean ;
What the Chime rung out between,
What the laden Evergreen.

“ Glory be to God Most High !”
Sang His angels in the sky
When the Lord to men drew nigh.

“Peace on earth — good will and peace ;
Love shall reign, and wrong shall cease ;
He is born, — the Prince of Peace !”

Just for love of us He came,
Took His sweetly tender Name —
Jesus ! stoopèd to our shame.

“I will save you,” — thus He said ;
“I am Life ; your life is dead ;
I will give you life instead !”

Little children, closest pressed
To the loving Saviour’s breast,
Surely ye must love Him best !

This is love, — to do His will ;
Speaking truth ; forsaking ill ;
Bearing and forbearing still ;

Battling selfishness within
(Where He only sees the sin)
Till through Him at last ye win ;

Sorrowing over evil wrought —
Open deed or secret thought ;
Straightway doing as ye ought ;

Blessing all for His dear sake,
As His blessing ye partake ;
Happier, thus, His world to make.

This is love ; a service light,
Done with all your little might :
None shall fail to do it right.

Let your little hearts reply
To the angels in the sky :
“Love shall reign eternally !

“God is love forevermore ;
Love we Him, and Him adore
In the Christ-Child born of yore.”

Let your lives ring out His praise
Like a chime His finger sways :
Sweet as carols be your days.

Beautiful with holiness,
Let your daily deeds confess
In whose Name ye seek to bless.

This is what the Carols mean ;
What the Chime rung clear between ;
What the bounteous Evergreen.

THE HOLY CHILD.

ARE you thinking, dear child,
Of Jesus the Lord when He was a Child,
And blessed Mary the Mother mild
With heart love-troubled and eyes intent
So tenderly watched Him as He went,
Beyond all innocence innocent,
On holy and unguessed errands bent ?

Are you dreaming, dear child,
Of the heavenly mien of that Wonderful Child ;
The look He wore when He spake or smiled ;
The healing balm of His touch and tear ;
The sweet voice, marvel to every ear,
That drew all the children far and near
(Because it was Love's and love is dear) ?

Are you longing, dear child,
To be like the Lord when He was a Child ?
Remember : the Christ-Boy undefiled,
So meek and lowly, so reverent,
Yet filling the wise with wonderment,
And crowned with all favor as He went,
Was, first and last, *obedient.*

Kimball, Harriet McEwen
Poems

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